Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

BY EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Now that the Administration has officially proposed that we join the countries which have signed the protocol putting into force the statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, it seems proper to examine in some detail what it is that we are to expect from such a step. To determine whether it is a desirable step or not, we are justified in looking beneath the surface of the plausible arguments advanced by advocates and opponents of the proposed undertaking, in order to decide our action on its merits and not on sentimental hopes or fears. For that reason it is proposed to examine somewhat critically the powers of the newly created Court, its relation to similar institutions already in existence and in what respect the new Court may be regarded as a step in advance. On examining the new Court in the light of history and experience, we may be in a better position to judge the case on its merits.

We are informed by the advocates of our "joining" the Court that the new international Court is a cherished American ideal; that it substitutes a judicial court for ephemeral and temporary arbitral tribunals; that it substitutes adjudication by law for adjudication by force and decision by law for decision by compromise; that the issue is between those "who want to set up machinery for the settlement of international disputes according to law and those who in disdain of all effort would continue the present

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anarchic state"; that the new international court is urgently needed if peace is to be assured and that by staying out we are blocking the world's efforts for peace; that it is either this world court or none; that we would be under no obligation to submit to the Court any dispute we desired to keep from it; that the Court has no serious connection with the League of Nations, and that we would make reservations expressly entering a caveat against any association with the League.

The opponents of our "joining" the Court assert that the Court is the child of the League and the step proposed would inevitably draw us into other commitments to the League; that it is intended by some of its proponents as an entering wedge to the League; that the jurisdiction of the Court is not obligatory, and that the strongest nations were the first to denounce the obligatory clause; that there is no provision for the enforcement of its decisions; that other nations can numerically outvote us in the Assembly in the election of judges, and that to visualize the Court as an agency for peace is an illusion.

The arguments thus advanced on both sides indicate that the issue is becoming political in nature. While that is neither avoidable nor to be deprecated in a democracy, it has a tendency to becloud the issue by generating waves of emotional morality which confuse rather than enlighten. It is believed that an analysis of the problem in the light of the professions of both sides may serve a useful purpose.

Underlying the arguments of the proponents of our joining the so-called World Court runs the major assumption that the Court would furnish a substitute for war, at least in part, that nations desire a court of this kind for the settlement of their disputes, and that the creation of the new court invites the nations to submit their differences to peaceful adjudication.

Before putting these assumptions to the test, let us see what existing institutions we already possessed for the judicial settlement of international disputes. From 1794 on, when under the Jay Treaty, several arbitrations with Great Britain were conducted, the United States has been a consistent exponent of arbitration. The six volumes of John Bassett Moore's *History and Digest of International Arbitrations* are a permanent monument

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to our belief in the efficacy of arbitration. Until recently, when efforts to detract from its prestige were made by the assertion that arbitration was merely compromise, we entertained the belief that it was the most judicial method of applying law to the settlement of international controversies. Nor has further study done anything but strengthen that belief. When in 1899 the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes was drafted and the so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration was set up, the United States became a member and has contributed to the work of that Court four fairly important cases—the Pious Fund case against Mexico, the Orinoco Steamship Co. case against Venezuela, the Fisheries Arbitration with Great Britain and the Ship Requisitioning dispute with Norway. It will be recalled that under that plan the litigating nations select their judges *ad hoc* from a panel of some 120 potential judges, and that about twenty cases have been submitted to the court. Its jurisdiction and continued existence are in no way affected by the creation of the new Court. Although in recent years the Senate has exerted greater control than in our earlier days over the Executive submission of disputes to arbitration and has thereby retarded the process, we have nevertheless never regarded the procedure as anything but judicial. Article 15 of the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes contains the following definition of arbitration:

> International arbitration has for its object the settlement of differences between States by judges of their own choice and on the basis of respect for law.

The Report of the Commission on this article reads:

> To say that the arbitrator is a judge and acts according to law, is to say that arbitration is not applicable to every variety of dispute between the States.

This would seem to recognize the fact that arbitration is legal and judicial in character and on that very account its efficacy is limited to the settlement of only certain types of disputes, of a legal nature.

The professed shortcomings of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, first, in the fact that its personnel was elastic and ephemeral rather than fixed and permanent and, secondly, that the

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element of compromise rather than law was deemed to dominate its deliberations and judgments, inspired the movement, largely originating in the United States, for the establishment of a so-called Court of Arbitral Justice, not to displace but presumably to supplement the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The idea failed of fruition at the Hague Conference of 1907 because of the inability to reconcile the principle of the equality of States with the principle of a fixed and necessarily limited number of judges, the same rock on which foundered the then proposed International Prize Court.

While there had always been among the advocates of judicial settlement a strong desire to bring about the obligatory submission of disputes, however limited their class, the Hague Convention was obliged, by the refusal of consent of most of the States, to omit any such provision. Jurisdiction was left entirely voluntary and optional. Nevertheless the Conference recorded a pious wish for obligatory submission and was "unanimous"—

1. In admitting the principle of compulsory arbitration;
2. In declaring that certain disputes, in particular those relating to the interpretation and application of the provisions of international agreements, may be submitted to compulsory arbitration without any restriction.

This was the position of the institution of judicial settlement when the Peace Conference met at Versailles. Inasmuch as the League was to be made an essential part of the Treaty, the Allied Powers dedicated to idealism certain sections of the Covenant, including Article 14, with its conservative precautions against submitting to judicial settlement anything that the Powers were unwilling to submit. Article 14 of the Covenant reads:

The Council [of the League of Nations] shall formulate and submit to the Members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

Under this authority, the Council called into conference the so-called Advisory Committee of Jurists, of which Mr. Root was a member, to formulate and submit an organic statute for the constitution of the new court. The Committee met at the Hague

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from June 16 to July 24, 1920. It was made up of Mr. Adatci, Japanese Minister at Brussels, M. Rafael Altamira, Professor of Law at Madrid, Baron Descamps, a veteran in the movement for arbitration, Dr. Francis Hagerup, formerly Professor of Law at Christiania and a leading statesman of his country, M. de Lapradelle, Professor of Law at Paris, Dr. Loder of Holland, a member of the Dutch Supreme Court, Lord Phillimore, of the English Privy Council, M. Ricci-Busatti, legal advisor to the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Professor of Law at Rome, and Mr. Elihu Root, former Secretary of State. Mr. Clovis Bevilaqua, Professor of Law at Rio de Janeiro, was unable to be present. The qualifications of these men are a guaranty at least of the sincerity of their work.

So strong a hold on the imagination had the idea of a permanent judicial body adjudicating disputes between nations obtained, that it was natural that the Committee should at once set about bringing into being the still unborn Court of Arbitral Justice of 1907 with its fixed personnel and alleged freedom from compromise and the long-desired obligatory jurisdiction. They provided in their draft statute for a fixed personnel of eleven judges and four deputies, to be elected by the Council and Assembly of the League—thus solving a problem of method theretofore insoluble—and laid down in Article 35 certain principles which were to control the decisions of the Court—international treaties and conventions, custom exemplifying a practice recognized as law, general principles of law, judicial decisions and the teachings of jurists. Following the prescription of Article 13 of the Covenant, the Committee settled upon an obligatory submission of disputes in certain types of cases, commonly denominated as legal in their nature and therefore susceptible of judicial settlement, namely, disputes concerning—

a.—the interpretation of a treaty;

b.—any question of international law;

c.—the existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation;

d.—the nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation;

e.—the interpretation of a judgment rendered by the Court,

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together with power to determine any other disputes that the parties might voluntarily submit.

This then, was the great step in advance. Whereas in the arbitration treaties of the previous generation there were usually reserved from the obligation to arbitrate questions affecting independence, national honour and vital interests,—that is, every question deemed to be important,—the new proposal provided for obligatory jurisdiction over and compulsory submission of certain well defined legal questions of a presumably non-political nature which no nation seriously interested in the promotion of judicial settlement and the limitation of diplomatic and political controversies could well insist on refusing to settle judicially. Moreover such obligatory submission was consistent with a fixed personnel of judges and prescribed sources of law for application to the suits instituted in the Court. Here was a definite advance over anything theretofore created, notwithstanding the limited nature of the Court's obligatory jurisdiction.

But what did the League, or rather the Council, do, when the statute, as drafted, was submitted to them for approval? They promptly eliminated from it the provision for the obligatory submission of disputes, on the alleged ground that it conflicted with the voluntary submission contemplated by Article 14 of the Covenant. Not even the restricted category of legal issues above mentioned were the larger Powers willing to submit at the demand of an opponent, thereby giving demonstrable evidence of their reluctance seriously to promote judicial settlement. They made the clause conferring obligatory jurisdiction optional, and fortunately some fifteen smaller States have agreed to it. It is the one justifiable hope for the growing usefulness of the Court. By other sections of the Treaty of Versailles and related conventions, the Court has what is said to be obligatory jurisdiction over certain questions involving aerial navigation, the protection of minorities, the African liquor traffic, certain aspects of the arms traffic convention, and the Barcelona waterways convention. The effect of these provisions has not yet been tested. Certain of the smaller Powers have likewise concluded bipartite treaties undertaking to submit unreservedly certain types of cases to compulsory arbitration. These also may furnish the Court with

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business. The important fact, however, from the point of view of the person anticipating a more rational solution of those conflicts of interest that disturb the peace, is that obligatory jurisdiction even of purely legal questions, which in any event would but rarely if ever lead to war, has been denied the Court by most of the Powers. It has been said that this has not affected the general structure of the statute or the functions of the Court. It is believed, however, that not only has the structure of the Court thereby been materially affected but in fact its usefulness has been seriously impaired, for the principal justification for the creation of a new court, its compulsory jurisdiction, has been to a considerable extent nullified. The *raison d'être* of the Court has to some extent disappeared. The fact is, as will presently be shown, that a fixed personnel of judges, with a jurisdiction that is voluntary in nature, is likely to discourage rather than promote the submission of important disputes to the Court.

One of the sources of strength of the new Court, so far as it possesses power, is the calibre of the men elected to it by the Council and Assembly of the League, to whom this function was entrusted by the statute of the Court. The judges were nominated by the existing national groups of the members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration in each country, who were empowered to nominate from two to four candidates, not more than two from their own country. From a list of eighty-nine thus nominated, the Council and Assembly then elected eleven judges and four deputies, taking into consideration the fact that the principal legal systems had to find representation and that not more than one judge could come from any one country. In its reconciliation of national representation with superior mental equipment, or, I might say, subordination of the former to the latter, the League has performed a noteworthy service, hitherto found impossible. The Judges of the Court are Professor André Weiss, Professor of International Law at Paris; Dr. Dionisio Anzilotti, Professor of International Law at Rome; Dr. Rafael Altamira, Professor of Law at Madrid; Antonio Bustamante, lawyer and Professor of International Law at Havana; Viscount Finlay, now of the British House of Lords; Max Huber, Professor of Public Law at Zurich and Advisor of the Swiss Foreign Office; B. C. J. Loder,

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member of the Dutch Supreme Court; Didrik Nyholm, President of the Mixed Court at Cairo; Yorozu Oda, Professor of International Law at Kyoto; and John Bassett Moore, statesman and the dean of American authorities on international law. Ruy Barbosa, a celebrated Brazilian statesman and jurist, who was also elected, has since died and at the next meeting of the Assembly in September a successor will be chosen. The four deputy judges are Dr. Negulescu, Professor of Law at Bucharest; C. H. Wang, President of the Chinese Supreme Court; Dr. Jovanovich, Professor of Law at Belgrade; and Dr. F. V. N. Beichmann, President of the Court of Appeal at Trondhjem, Norway. The men selected are among the outstanding lawyers and judges of the world. Were the nations as willing to submit important questions as they were to elect important men as judges, the future of the Court would be promising.

In view of the limited jurisdiction of the Court, consisting of what have been called justiciable or strictly legal questions, the reluctance of the larger Powers to make jurisdiction in these cases obligatory is to be regretted. It is an indication of the fact that we are still a long way from the substitution of amicable for belligerent methods in the settlement of international disputes. One of the necessary weaknesses of the Court consists in the very fact that it is not likely to prove an effective agency in removing or even minimizing for a long time to come the bane of war from the recognized institutions of international relations. This weakness goes to the very root of international relations in what I venture to call this mediæval age. No mere addition of machinery can create that necessary will to peace which is the most effective guaranty of the efficacy of an International Court. The unwillingness to submit to judicial settlement is conditioned by underlying factors inherent in the existing international system, which persuades nations to decline to submit what they consider important issues to the arbitration of impartial judges. Note the almost uniform exception of questions of independence, national honour and vital interests from arbitration treaties. The judicial process is weakened by a stipulation that there shall be no submission of anything important.

With respect to the effect of a fixed and permanent personnel

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on the disposition of nations voluntarily to submit questions to judicial settlement, certain facts warrant consideration. In the several cases which the United States has voluntarily submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, we examined with the greatest care the records of the arbitrators nominated in order to determine whether by word or act they could be deemed ever to have harboured a sentiment or doctrinal view unfavourable to the United States. The great English authority on International Law, W. E. Hall, for example, by reason of his critical remarks concerning American policy, would probably never have been selected as the judge of a case in which the United States was interested, nor would we probably have gone to a court in which he was a judge. It was only after we were satisfied of the personal and professional records of the arbitrators nominated, in respect of their disposition toward the United States, that the United States agreed to their appointment as arbitrators in the cases mentioned. Other nations doubtless entertain similar views of such matters. When, therefore, the time comes for the submission of one of our cases to the World Court, is it not clear that the presence on the Court of even a single judge, to whose views, personal or professional, we have reason to object, will deter us from submitting the case? The personnel of the arbitrators or judges is one of the strongest factors in inducing or preventing submission. The longer the Court sits, the more will the views of its judges become established and known. Any nation, therefore, having a national interest in sustaining a different view will hardly be disposed to submit its case to a judge or judges whom it will necessarily regard as biased.

This will make it clear, it is believed, that the only chance of securing a respectable docket for the Court lay in the provision for obligatory jurisdiction. Without it, the fixed personnel is a source of weakness rather than of strength. The greatest justification for the hope in the growing efficacy of the Court lies in the fact that fifteen smaller States have agreed to its obligatory jurisdiction, a fact which may bring to the Court some important cases. Possibly the example may prove contagious on the larger Powers, but in the present temper of international relations not much hope is to be placed in that quarter.

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From what has been said above it will be realized that the contribution of the Court to the promotion of peace is probably slight. Believers in its capacity to perform the function of a peace agency cite the readiness and effectiveness with which our Supreme Court decides issues between the States of our Union, and draw the conclusion that the World Court offers the same opportunity to the nations. The present jurisdiction of the Court, and the difference between our constitutional organization and the unregulated disorganization which lies at the root of international life, hardly support the analogy. The Court, in fact, is barred from obtaining jurisdiction of those questions which commonly lead to a disturbance of peace, for the existing order of international life is conditioned upon a continual struggle among the larger Powers for economic and political advantage which not only defies judicial settlement, but which is subject to few principles of law by which the struggle may be controlled and governed. Unfair competition seems to be its key-note. The uninterrupted competition for advantage begets conflicts of interest and creates issues which are not legal but economic and political in character. The endeavor to preserve home markets by tariffs and discriminations against more favoured competitors, the endeavor to capture foreign markets against the competition of commercial rivals, the assurance for manufacturing nations of a steady and cheap supply of raw materials, leading to competing efforts to obtain control of colonies, protectorates, mandates, spheres of influence, and other fields of investment, and to acquire the incidental machinery and equipment necessary to make this enterprise successful, such as merchant fleets, cables, trade routes, coaling and oil stations, and, finally, armies, navies and alliances —these are the factors and forces that condition international relations.

Foreign policy is fashioned to the maintenance of supremacy in the continual struggle for national aggrandizement, of which these different forces and factors in varying degree constitute the main and essential elements. To the solution of the conflicts and differences arising in this struggle, the new Court obviously can make no contribution. Yet it is in this field that lies the source of war. Apart, therefore, from the other limitations on the

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Court mentioned above, it has no capacity to deal with the potential causes of war. It is, therefore, believed to be misleading to refer to the Court as necessarily an agency for peace.

Possibly it may not be a fair test of the questions which will be submitted to the Court to examine the questions which have already been submitted. For the most part the four questions which have been before the Court involved advisory opinions, hence not binding in their nature, for the benefit of the Council or subsidiary bodies of the League. The first question submitted was "whether the Dutch Workers' delegate at the Third International Labour Conference had been nominated in accordance with the provisions of Paragraph 3 of Article 389 of the Treaty of Versailles"; the second, "whether the competence of the International Labour Organization extends to the international regulation of the conditions of labour of persons employed in agriculture"; and the third, "whether examination of proposals for the organization and development of the methods of agricultural production and of other questions of a like character fall within the competence of the International Labour Organization." Another question submitted was whether the dispute between France and Great Britain concerning imposition of military duties on British subjects in the French colonies of Tunis and Morocco "arises" or not "out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction" of France. At the present June session of the Court, it is understood that the Court will be asked for an advisory opinion relating to the protection of German minorities in Poland and will decide the question, whether the Kiel Canal is a domestic canal subject to German law or an international canal subject to international law. The last question appears to be a litigated case and is probably the most important yet submitted to the Court. The Court is likely to get most of its business from weak nations, as is indicated by the countries which have signed the clause opting the obligatory jurisdiction, for the law is about the only protection that weak nations have.

Unfortunately the common assumption which underlies some of the advocacy for the World Court, that the nations seriously desire an international court for the settlement of their disputes,

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is not altogether well founded. Nations desire an international tribunal and have had no difficulty in establishing one *ad hoc* when the occasion arises, when the dispute is unimportant or would not justify the expense of war, or when political considerations dictate submission to arbitration rather than recourse to war—in short, when they feel that they have more to gain by arbitration or other form of peaceful settlement, such as mediation, than by war. The hundreds of arbitrations that have been held illustrate this fact. But when the issue is such that peaceful adjustment seems inappropriate or inadvisable, the peaceful method is not chosen; not because there is no machinery for peace, but because there is no will for peace. When President Wilson, in 1914, launched the Vera Cruz expedition, he had just been concluding some thirty so-called Bryan treaties providing for the submission to a Commission of Inquiry of the disputed facts of an incident likely to cause a conflict. The alleged insult to the American flag by two Mexican subordinates in Tampico was eminently suitable to this method of adjustment. Yet President Wilson, irritated at the obstinate refusal of President Huerta to abdicate his office and oblivious to his own declared principle of a peaceful settlement of disputes, found in the incident that overt act which was deemed to justify the making of war on Mexico, and the sacrifice of the lives of numerous Mexicans and Americans at Vera Cruz.

Austria, in 1914, found that the assassination of the Archduke placed so great a strain upon her patience that she refused to tolerate an arbitral settlement of her differences with Serbia, and launched upon a punitive expedition which ultimately engulfed the world and led to her own ruin and that of the rest of Europe. And now France, injured, disappointed and belligerent, has found irresistible the impulse to invade and crush Germany and resents the efforts of reasonable advisors to adjust the issue between the two countries by mediation or arbitration. The issue in part involves an interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, within the jurisdiction, therefore, of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The suggestion of submitting to an international commission of bankers or statesmen the amount that Germany can pay is resented as offensive, inasmuch as the Reparation Commission, under French control, has already fixed an amount that

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is admittedly more than Germany can pay. The fact that the present policy of France may again engulf Europe in war and ruin victor and vanquished alike beyond hope of recovery, appears to be a secondary consideration only.

These illustrations are cited to dispel the illusion that nations in dispute necessarily desire judicial machinery for the settlement of their differences, and that the great need of the world to bring about such settlement is an International Court. On the contrary, nations that believe they have more to gain or are likely to be more successful in war than in arbitration or peaceful settlement, often prefer the arbitrament of the sword and resent the efforts of mediators to frustrate the accomplishment of their objects. Nations that have the physical power to enforce their will are likely to prefer to be the plaintiff, judge and sheriff in their own cause, rather than to call upon the impartial award of a disinterested tribunal.

If I judge correctly the temper of the world, there is less disposition now to adopt the civilized methods of adjusting conflicting interests than there has been for generations. Few people realize or are willing to contemplate the facts that nine years of devastating war and disintegrating peace have undermined the moral foundations of many densely populated areas of the world, and that there is more faith in the efficacy of force—accompanied by a growing contempt for law—as a solution for international differences, than there has been since the days of Napoleon. The forces of disintegration are apparently overpowering the forces of reconstruction, due primarily, I believe, to the shortsighted policy of the present managers of European political affairs.

The arguments of the opponents of the Court, founded upon an alleged lack of machinery to enforce the decisions of the Court, are not, it is believed, substantial. It is surprising to find how strongly this alleged defect impressed Lord Phillimore of the Advisory Committee of Jurists. Among the thousands of arbitration cases we have had, less than a half dozen have been refused execution by the losing nation. These have mostly been boundary disputes and the excuse has usually been an excess of jurisdiction by the arbitrator. Inability to enforce execution of the award, therefore, is so insignificant a factor as not to warrant

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consideration as a defect in the organization of the World Court. What is important is the inability to compel nations to submit to a court, and it has already been observed that that important function was taken from the Court by the larger Powers represented in the Council of the League.

While no criticism of the Court, it must not be overlooked that a judicial decision is not of necessity a guaranty of peace. The student of American history need but be referred to the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court to be convinced of this. That decision made the Civil War inevitable. Some years ago Ecuador and Peru submitted their boundary dispute to the arbitration of the Council of State of Spain. After deliberating on the matter, the Council of State let it become known that their award, still unannounced, placed the line at a point which would give much territory to Peru and leave Ecuador with a very small area. Both countries realized that the award if handed down would invite war between them, so at the suggestion of the litigating countries the award has been withheld.

It is said that our Supreme Court had no business for some years after its organization, and that the inability of the so-called World Court to secure any important cases outside the Treaty of Versailles is due to the fact that the opportunity has not yet been presented to submit important cases to the Court; and that it is likely to grow as did our Supreme Court. In the absence of obligatory jurisdiction and a will to peace, the likelihood of the Court's acquiring jurisdiction over important cases as time goes on does not seem great. If it does happen, the cases will probably be furnished by the smaller Powers. Yet there is another fallacy in the analogy. When we began life as a nation, there was hardly any business that could go to the Supreme Court; its jurisdiction was new and doubtful and there were few disputes between the States requiring judicial settlement. On the other hand, there are today in the archives of probably every Foreign Office hundreds of pecuniary claims involving no political issues and entirely capable of submission to judicial settlement. Were there a serious will to give cases to the Court, these hundreds of claims could be at once placed on the docket. The unfortunate fact at present is that these money claims are subjected to the

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vicissitudes of diplomacy, and the claimant is fortunate who obtains satisfaction in his lifetime. To cite but one illustration: We are now on the friendliest relations with Spain, yet American claimants against Spain are unable to secure the support of the Department of State for their claims because the Spanish Government will not entertain them, the reason being that the United States has refused to entertain the East Florida claims owned by the descendants of the Spaniards who were deprived of lands and otherwise injured when we obtained control of Florida. Inasmuch as the Senate refuses to permit an adjudication of the East Florida claims, the Department of State is itself helpless, and the unhappy position of the American claimant against Spain who has a claim of a purely legal nature, can be readily understood. Were nations willing to have these purely legal and non-political cases determined by judicial methods, the Court would be overwhelmed with business; but there again the factor of unwillingness to submit cases is the great obstacle.

In the light of the fact that the so-called World Court can have but little relation to the problem of peace, the issue as to whether the United States should now "join" it or not can hardly be placed on the ground that peace will thereby either be promoted or retarded. That issue, I believe, is unreal and fanciful. Perhaps we ought to aid any movement that even looks to the judicial settlement of cases, but when one of the announced inducements for our "joining" the Court is that we would never have to submit a case to it, encouraging an inference that probably we never would, one may properly question the purpose that it is intended that our joining shall subserve. Is it merely to encourage others to submit to the Court? Is it just a sentimental question, without possibility of any tangible effect on us? Is this the cherished American ideal? Persons having a serious desire to govern their actions by intelligence rather than emotion have a right to ask such questions. Can it be that the political platform which so long dedicated a plank to the conception of an international court contemplated a court to which we would never have to submit a case? We have such a court now in the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and to it we have submitted four substantial controversies. Would we submit any more cases to a Court over

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whose composition for years to come we would probably have no say? If this is not likely, as it is believed, just what important function is our "joining" the Court designed to subserve? If it will not bring to the Court any more cases, is it intended merely as a friendly gesture, as an evidence of our moral support to nations having greater desire or courage to submit disputes?

Or is the charge of the more vigorous opponents of our "joining" the Court sustainable, namely, that it constitutes, as Mr. Hoover intimated and President Harding denied, a first step toward the League of Nations? If it does involve such a possibility, at least there is here a genuine issue as to policy. Although the Court is the direct creation of the League and depends upon the League budget for its support, it may be that it is so far dissociated from its organization that "joining" the protocol, as the Administration spokesmen have asserted, will involve no other commitments to the League. Yet the fact that so many professional and non-professional advocates of the League are so ardently enthusiastic for our "joining" the World Court, of whose real functions some of them appear to have only vague information, may afford some ground to the opponents of the League to suspect that the advocates of the Court are mainly concerned with its function as a door to the League. Unless it has some such significance, the issue is most unimportant; and many earnest students of foreign affairs, men like Senator Borah, the wealth of whose knowledge and the soundness of whose intuitions and judgments are not, in my humble opinion, exceeded by that of any other man in public life, have expressed the firm conviction that our adhering to the protocol of the Court can have no other purpose or effect than affording an entrance to the League. It is doubtless partly on that very account that the proposed step has had such wide support. If Senator Borah's view is justified in fact, the proposed policy deserves more profound consideration from American citizens than it has yet received. It is then more than a mere sentimental question, but one involving the political relations of this country to Europe. On that question, men may well differ and at this moment I have no desire to debate the issue.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

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THE BELGIAN FACTOR

BY WICKHAM STEED

LAST month I was invited to address the Belgian Association of Liberal Journalists on the present British view of the international situation. In particular, I was expected to say what people in England think about the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr. My Belgian colleagues knew that I had, for years, consistently opposed the occupation of the Ruhr, not out of tenderness towards Germany but because I doubted its efficacy as a means of securing a prompt settlement of the German Reparations debt, and also because I feared it might involve for France so serious an entanglement in the industrial and financial affairs of Germany as to endanger French economic independence. Nevertheless they wished to hear what I might have to say in explanation of British detachment from Franco-Belgian policy. What I said to them is of little moment; but what I learned in Brussels, from them and from eminent Belgians whom I met, is of more than personal interest.

Hardly had I reached Brussels than I became aware that things felt different from what they had seemed to be in London. There was something almost tangible in the very atmosphere of the Belgian capital that made the question of the Ruhr and the whole problem of dealing with Germany appear in another light. I became conscious of this difference before I had exchanged a word on politics with any Belgian. What could it be? As I wondered, it dawned upon me that Brussels had lain for more than four long years under the German heel which had trodden into Belgian minds an impression not lightly to be effaced.

This very obvious reflection struck me, if not as a discovery, yet as a reminder how easy it is for nations to lose touch with each other, and not only nations but individual citizens of neighbouring countries even when it is their business to know something of each other's affairs. True, I had not actually been in Belgium

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since the summer of 1920. But the geographical distance between England and Belgium is less than one hundred miles, and intercourse between Brussels and London is constant. Moreover, England came into the War because Germany would not undertake to respect Belgian neutrality which Prussia and England alike had bound themselves in 1839 to respect and to uphold. During the War many thousands of Belgian refugees found asylum in England while the British and the Belgian armies fought side by side to keep one small corner of Belgium inviolate. Thus there ought to have been no room in any Englishman's mind for a misunderstanding of the Belgian position.

Yet I had forgotten, as an essential factor of the present European situation, the effect of the German occupation of Belgium; and, not a little ashamed of this forgetfulness, I pondered over the difference between actual experience and merely intellectual recognition of an historical fact. It was the old story of the toad beneath the harrow. Though London was raided by German aircraft more than a hundred times during the War; though her tale of dead and maimed reached a respectable total; though innocent English fishing villages and inoffensive bathing resorts were bombarded without warning by German warships, British resentment against Germany has ceased to be a dynamic, everyday feeling—whereas, in Brussels, I became aware that hatred of Germany is so strong as to pervade the very air of the place.

The explanation, I thought, must lie in the circumstance that, in Belgium, the Germans were there all the time, asserting their supremacy without intermission, while to England they came swiftly, did what destruction they could, and departed with equal speed. But, on inquiry, I found that this was not the only reason for the bitterness that was in the air. The chief reason was that the bulk of the Belgian people, Walloons and Flemings alike, who had been actually under the Germans throughout the War, *had seen and suffered from the deportations.*

Again, to my shame, I had forgotten the deportations. At the mention of them, a vision arose in my mind of tens of thousands of Belgians, driven into open cattle trucks by night and day, kept

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there in sleet and hail without food, and carried off into German misery. Then I understood Belgian feeling.

No special emphasis was laid upon the deportations by the responsible Belgians who spoke of them. They were referred to as a fact which none could leave out of account. "The curious thing," said one Belgian statesman, "is that comparatively little hatred of the Germans remains in the men who fought against them in the War, nor is it very strong among those who sought refuge abroad. It is in the mass of the people who witnessed and felt the German methods of oppression that the very name of Germany is abhorred; and their abhorrence affects the position of our Government. Belgian public feeling is more vigourously and persistently anti-German than that even of France except, possibly, in centres like Lille where conditions were similar to those in Belgium. However earnestly the Government may, for economic and other reasons, desire a prompt and satisfactory settlement of the Reparations question, they cannot ignore the national temper which, indeed, is an important factor in their whole policy."

Lest I should again forget, I took some pains to look up the records. No fewer than 160,000 Belgians were carried away to forced labour in Germany. Many died; and 33,000 returned with their health permanently undermined. One hundred sixty thousand in a population of some 8,000,000 gives two per cent of active centres of resentment, without reckoning the vicarious resentment of relatives and friends. Add 23,700 Belgians shot by the Germans or dead in German gaols, and 78,000 whose houses were destroyed. Alongside these totals, the 40,000 who were killed in war or died of wounds and the 36,000 wounded, seem of secondary importance. What is more natural than that the survivors of the deportees and their families should feel little compassion for the Germans of the Ruhr, or should think and say that Germany is getting only a fraction of what she deserves?

As though to drive home the lesson I had learned or re-learned, I found myself one morning held up for nearly an hour in the streets of Brussels by a mighty procession of twenty-five thousand ex-deportees who paraded the city while crowds thronged the sidewalks to cheer them. Truly, I thought, the political memo-

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ries of other peoples are short. Here was a demonstration in a European capital with an immediate bearing upon the European situation; yet, so normal did it seem to residents in Brussels, that not a single foreign correspondent reported it to his journal.

But, it may be argued, hatred is a sorry counsellor. The peoples of Europe have to live together and must, sooner or later, settle down to business. Belgium cannot exist without foreign trade. Antwerp is a main gateway into and out of Germany. Is it not unwise for a nation to cherish feelings that are at variance with its interests? Would not Belgium do far better to forget (if she cannot forgive); to cultivate a spirit of compromise, and to remember that the free and unguarded international life, into which she entered with the signing of the Versailles Treaty, involves obligations—and risks—weightier than those which she incurred under the settlement of 1839 that made her independent indeed, but neutral?

Some experience of international politics has taught me that foreign judgments upon the feelings of nations are apt to be valueless, even if they are not positively harmful irritants. Unwise or not, Belgian feelings towards Germany are comprehensible and, what is more, they are a fact. As a fact, they have to be reckoned with.

At the same time it is quite true, as thoughtful Belgians recognize, that Belgium's new responsibility for her own defense enjoins upon her circumspection and careful consideration of the consequences which any policy may entail. "Though old as a people," said one such Belgian, "we are in our infancy as a full-fledged nation. Nearly three generations of an existence hedged about by international treaties led us to regard the letter of our rights as the foremost consideration. A tendency to insist upon our rights, without always pausing to reflect whether we could uphold them single-handed, is noticeable even to-day. We shall probably run against many a stone wall before we learn the practical lesson that an apparently unfettered national life has limitations quite as real as the old limitations by treaty. Few regret our lost neutrality or, rather, our newly-won freedom; but not all of us quite understand the implications of freedom. We are no longer a ward of the Great Powers but we have still to

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learn that, if our former guardians are to welcome us in their midst as fully adult, we must cultivate a sense of adult responsibility."

Differences of temperament and language between the Flemish speaking and the French speaking halves of the population render the position of Belgium less simple than that of homogeneous nations; and the political reasons which make the French Alliance acceptable to the country as a whole tend to accentuate the resistance of the Flemings to French influence. A section of the people believes that close relations with England would be even more valuable, because less dangerous, than close relations with France and that, if any of Belgium's powerful neighbours is to have cause for displeasure, it had better not be England. For Belgium, the ideal situation would be one in which France and England were in close agreement with each other and with her. Hence the dismay and irritation that were felt in Belgium when the British Government declined to accompany her and France into the Ruhr. The Belgian Government could not have dissociated itself from French policy even had Belgian national feeling been less potently anti-German than it is, for Belgium is a territorial neighbour of Germany and is bound to France by a defensive military convention. But Belgian industrialists and financiers realize more acutely than those of France the drawbacks and the dangers of the Ruhr policy. They are more dependent than those of France upon foreign trade and they fear the consequences of a protracted deadlock. A great part of the economic hinterland of Belgium lies in Germany. She is now practically severed from it, while the advantages derived from German deliveries of coal and coke, before the occupation of the Ruhr, have ceased or have been curtailed. Nevertheless, there is no weakening in Belgian national support of the Ruhr policy. Whatever sacrifices it involves must, the Belgians feel, be borne until Germany is brought to reason. As in the War, Belgium is determined to hold out until Germany gives way.

For Belgium, as for France, the question really at issue in the Ruhr is "Security" quite as much as "Reparation". Whatever financial or economic arrangements Germany may propose for a settlement, will not be thought adequate unless lasting safeguards

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against future attack by Germany are created and guaranteed. Among the safeguards would be the permanent demilitarization of the Rhineland and, if possible, its detachment from Prussia (though not necessarily from Germany). Were it possible to earmark a proportion of the resources of the Ruhr as security for the payment of Reparations, under an international agreement in which Germany could join, and could the creation of a preponderatingly German coal and iron monopoly in the Centre of Europe be obviated by some form of international economic control over the Ruhr, Belgium would, I believe, regard her political and economic future with greater assurance. But, until Germany finds the courage and the wisdom to put forward reasonable proposals for a settlement, the memory of her misdeeds in Belgium will continue to make of the Belgian people a very pertinacious factor in the forces ranged against her.

WICKHAM STEED.

London, May, 1923.

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HUNGARY SINCE THE ARMISTICE

BY COUNT LÁSZLÓ SZÉCHÉNYI
Minister of Hungary to the United States

THE war ended for Hungary with the armistice concluded with the Italian General Diaz, acting on behalf of all the Allies, on November 3, 1918. It explicitly extended to all the fronts and merely provided that the Hungarian troops of the Austro-Hungarian army should be ordered back to the Hungarian border. While the Austro-Hungarian commanders signed the Diaz Armistice, the Government on whose behalf they acted no longer had authority behind the front. Demonstrations and riots—somewhat misleadingly termed a revolution[1]—had swept aside the constitutional government of Hungary and brought Count Michael Károlyi into power.

Count Károlyi, though a member of the Hungarian Parliament for years and belonging to the "Party of Independence", had never held a responsible position before. While he has stood now for one thing and then for another, he has been consistent in only one respect and that is that he has always been "ag'in the government", no matter who headed it. Thus he had also been an outspoken *defaitiste* during the war. His friends utilized this circumstance to make him appear the man of the hour who could bring about the radical change within and without for which the motley crowds in the streets were clamoring.

Nothing is as characteristic of the confused minds of the people and of the reaction against the war in Hungary as the fact that Count Michael Károlyi could assume power at this critical juncture. Such eminent writers abroad as the French brothers Tharaud have been attracted by the strange contradiction of a tremendously wealthy aristocrat, of marked haughty manner, placing himself at the head of all the Radicals of his country, today swearing allegiance to the King appointing him Prime

[1] The revolution in Hungary preceded similar efforts in Prague and Zagreb.

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Minister, and tomorrow overthrowing him to assume supreme power himself.

To an outsider the Károlyi régime must have seemed the greatest of farces; to Hungarians it was a tragedy. If I dwell on Károlyi's career at some length, it is because of the fact that he and his friends have tried ever since to make his fate appear as the triumph and tragedy of democracy in Hungary. As a matter of fact, Hungary was perhaps never further removed from democracy than under his rule. How far this democratic "lip service" went is rather amusingly illustrated by the fact that the word "republic" was not considered democratic enough but Károlyi had to go America and France one better by calling it "The Hungarian People's Republic"; at first it was even officially styled "The Hungarian Popular Republic"!

The facts in the matter are, however, that the constitution of Hungary, which is the oldest on the Continent, dating back to 1222—seven years younger than the Magna Charta—was swept away, and Parliament was disbanded by a group of Károlyi's satellites who constituted themselves the National Council without being elected by any one. Not only did this alleged People's Government hold no elections for five months after its *coup d'état*, but it did not bother even to make any serious preparations therefor. The whole Károlyi "Government"—if this name is not in reality a misnomer—consisted of a group of people who had merely the personal wish to come to the forefront, without experience or ability in governmental matters. They were a motley crowd composed of extreme Radicals who had belonged to the last elected legislature, and of many more of this class who had not succeeded in being elected, and of Socialists and Communists of all the colors of the rainbow.

At this most critical moment, when the Diaz Armistice had just been signed and it was necessary to make provisions for the withdrawal of the Hungarian troops to the lines assigned by the Allies, and for an orderly demobilization, the newly appointed Minister of War solved the difficult question by declaring that he did "not wish to see any more soldiers"—meaning that every one should go home as best he could. The result of course was a general pandemonium, and the army—which even according to

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the intentions of the Allies ought to have been held together for some time and, if possible, utilized to break down Bolshevism, disappeared so to speak over night, infesting the country with roving bands of armed marauders. It can hardly be denied today that there was "method in the madness", for in order to make a Bolshevist coup successful, the first step had to be the disbanding of the army, the gendarmerie (country police), and the police. After the Socialist and Bolshevist element gained more and more ground in Károlyi's councils, the nucleus of a new army was created, consisting exclusively of trusty Socialists and Bolshevists.

In its foreign policy the Károlyi administration was characterized by the same amateurish happy-go-lucky-ness and childlike innocence. So much had been said during the war about militarism that Károlyi's advisers seemed to have felt that they would score by complete voluntary disarmament, entrusting the protection of the country's borders to the good will of its neighbours. The natural result was that every one of Hungary's neighbours occupied large tracts of her territory and established *fait accomplis* which were later sanctioned in the Treaty of Trianon.

The most fateful step taken by Károlyi, however, was the repudiation of the Diaz Armistice and his attempt to negotiate another armistice at Belgrade with the French Commander-in-Chief of the Balkan forces. This armistice was not concluded between soldiers, as had been the Diaz Armistice, but dictated by a victorious General to a motley crowd of politicians and agitators, of whom the French General expressed his opinion to Károlyi in the thereafter famous words, "*vous êtés tombé bien bas*". The Belgrade armistice provided for the first temporary occupations of Hungarian territory by its neighbours. The conclusion of the Belgrade armistice, in full knowledge of the Diaz Armistice and its more favourable terms, was the most flagrant act of high treason committed by Károlyi towards his country. It provided, among other things, for the entry of Roumanian troops into Transylvania, although Roumania was no longer one of the Allies, having concluded a separate peace against their wishes with Austria-Hungary.

The assassination of Count Stephen Tisza, the former Prime Minister who had vainly tried to avert the war in 1914, was the

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first assassination of a statesman of any prominence in all Hungary's history. Thereafter there was no one to check the madness of the Károlyi administration.

The story of Bolshevism in Hungary is an interesting example of what Bolshevism means when left to take its course in a country of higher civilization than Russia; an example which to my mind has never been brought sufficiently to public attention abroad. People will be found who attempt to present Károlyi as a victim of the forces of reaction; and similar things have been said about Bolshevism in Hungary. Nothing is further removed from the truth. Károlyi had an unobstructed course, even as far as Conservatives were concerned. His failure was due to inherent weaknesses of his domestic and foreign policies, ending in his wilfully and formally abdicating in favor of Bolshevist leaders. As to Bolshevism in Hungary, it likewise came to an end, not due to a triumph of reaction (for the Nationalists were unable to obtain arms), but owing to the passive resistance of the Hungarian peasants and farmers, and the disillusionment of the working classes of the country.

Hungary is the only western country where Bolshevism reigned for any length of time—four months— and where it could subsequently be investigated on the spot. It broke out in a general state of apathy, people being so disgusted with the Károlyi régime that they could not see that anything worse would befall them. The Bolshevist leaders made the new order acceptable in national garb by claiming that the wrongs suffered by the country could be remedied only through the assistance of the International Brotherhood of the followers of Karl Marx.

The man who typified Hungarian Bolshevism at home and abroad was Bela Kun. "Before the war he was an obscure reporter who could be seen here and there in newspaper offices reporting on news of no consequence. One day he disappeared. He turns up in a country town where he is the secretary of a workingmen's union. Charged with having defrauded the union, he is soon chased away by the irate workers and is about to be indicted when the war breaks out. Joining the colours, he is taken prisoner in 1916. He rapidly learns Russian and gains the confidence of the famous propagandist Radek (Zobelsohn). He

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soon rises in the service of the Russian propaganda and becomes an intimate of Lenine. Somehow he still has difficulty in squaring his accounts, and though he opens the Conference of Prisoners of War at Moscow in 1918, he cannot account for the funds appropriated for this purpose and is called a thief by his comrades in open session. Bela Kun and his friend Perlstein soon assume direction of the education of agitators, so all important in the eyes of Lenine.

"A few weeks after Károlyi's revolution, Bela Kun under an alias reappears in Budapest to begin Communistic agitation in Hungary. The Russian Red Cross Mission at Vienna is to supply him regularly with needed funds. According to his own statement, he spent twelve million rubles on agitation in Hungary from the time of his return to the outbreak of Bolshevism in March, 1919.

"At first he had little success, and his paper by such statements as 'It is not sufficient to kill the bourgeois, they have to be cut in pieces', amused rather than influenced the masses. Lack of success in stampeding even the remnants of the disorganized armed forces landed him again in jail. The winning of these elements was not accomplished by Bela Kun but by his comrade Joseph Pogany.

"This Joseph Pogany, who proclaimed himself President of the Soldiers' Soviet, was the same person who on the eve of October 30, 1918, at the head of a small group of assassins, shot Count Stephen Tisza. Pogany was the son of a man who washed corpses for a synagogue in Budapest. He had obtained the degree of Doctor of Law, which seemed highly strange to any one who saw his butcher manners and his brutal appearance. An insignificant reporter, himself, his ambition was to become a successful dramatic writer, and he was the author of a play, 'Napoleon',—refused everywhere, by the way,—in which he pictured the Emperor as a pacifist, dreaming constantly of rural idyls but forced by a merciless fate to wage wars against his will." [1]

Let us return now to the outbreak of Bolshevism in Hungary. At the time when huge placards announced to the population of Budapest that the proletariat had assumed supreme power and

[1] *Quand Israel est Roi.* Tharaud.

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that a large Russian army had crossed the Carpathians to liberate Hungary, "the Bolsheviki in Russia were instilling new courage into their famished population by telling them that a Hungarian Bolshevist army was approaching Russia, brushing aside the enemies of the Soviet, and bringing with it vast droves of hogs for needy Russia.

"It would surely have seemed simplest to decapitate at once the bourgeois and aristocrats, but as this radical transaction offered considerable difficulties, the best way to accomplish the desired end seemed to be to render their life impossible. It was decreed that no person could take part in any election without a membership card in one of the workmen's unions. Thus the whole bourgeoisie was placed beyond the law by a simple stroke of the pen. The bank deposits of the bourgeois were confiscated, and in addition they were summoned—under pain of dire punishment—to turn in, within two weeks, all their gold, jewels, art objects and foreign securities. For the surveillance of the bourgeoisie, every private or apartment house had to have a man of confidence, elected solely by the proletarians, living on the premises. He represented the proletariat power in the house, turning out or installing people as best he saw fit, deciding differences arising between the owner and his constituents,—the new squatters,—collecting rent from the bourgeois for the Soviet Government, and holding the unfortunate owner under the constant menace of denunciation to the Soviet tribunals.

"No sooner had the Dictatorship of the Proletariat been proclaimed than all stocks of goods in the shops were declared Communistic property, and supervisors, appointed by the Soviets, were placed in every one of the shops. This incidentally gives an idea of the way in which the number of public employees was multiplied under Soviet rule. A nominal low price was fixed for each article in the shop, but in order to prevent non-proletarians from benefitting by these special prices, it was decreed that no one would have the right to buy any article unless he showed a card of membership in a union and a special permit granted by the man of confidence in his particular dwelling place. The benefit derived from the socialization of shops was, however, of very short duration, even to the proletariat. It naturally took

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only a few days to empty the shops and the robbed shopkeepers had, of course, not the slightest desire to replenish them, even if they had the means to do so.

"All workshops employing more than ten persons were socialized. In case of good behaviour the managers and engineers were allowed to retain their positions temporarily, at an arbitrarily fixed low pay. It was made plain, however, that this state of things still fell far short of the Communistic ideal, and that all mental workers would be discharged as soon as the manual workers were able to get along without them. Naturally the profits of the workshops and plants were to go to the Communistic state—but there never were any profits."[1] Partly the fabulously increased wages and partly the removal of all private incentive to success rendered the plants in reality nobody's business.

The complete failure of Communism with respect to industrial production became so clearly realized in the last days of Bolshevism that in order to revive production workingmen were no longer paid by the hour or the day but according to piece-work.

The experiences of Bolshevism in the realm of finance were no better. At first the Communist state was swimming in money. This lasted as long as there was any money or values left in the Communized banks, and as long as there remained stocks of seized goods in the warehouses. The money fast disappeared in paying tremendous salaries to the innumerable Soviet officials deemed necessary to assure the new order—not to speak of the fantastic amounts consumed by graft. The most reckless printing of paper money could not remedy the situation, and nothing is more characteristic of the failure of Communism in the realm of finance than the fact that after two months of its existence, the Soviet Government had to invite the same bourgeois whom it had declared parasites and placed beyond the law, to lend money to the new Government at eight per cent—double the rate paid by the former governments.

The Soviet took great pleasure in posing as a promoter of public education and culture. Literature and art were socialized in order to serve the purposes of the Soviet. The rigidity of the censorship surpassed anything known in wartime. Theatres,

[1] *Quand Israel est Roi.* Tharaud.

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movies and other places of recreation were made gratuitous to anyone producing a union card.

Most curious were the educational measures. At the university, the law and divinity faculties were simply abolished as of no value to the Marxian principles. Examinations were abolished altogether, as they were bound to bring about inequality not consistent with the Communistic principle. All teachers and professors desiring to retain their positions had to take a four weeks' course acquainting themselves with the principles of Bolshevism. A large number of eminent scholars were simply discharged because they were not considered sufficiently in sympathy with the new order. Not satisfied with changing professors and teachers into "comrade instructors", a Soviet of pupils was established in every school, charged with the supervision of teaching from the point of view of the Marxian doctrines and with the duty of denouncing to the Soviets teachers not sufficiently in sympathy with the latter.

All religious instruction was barred. All the more attention was paid to sex enlightenment of both boys and girls, and the most shocking exhibitions were made at movies, plastic figure cabinets, etc., usually ending in the praise of free love.

As a result of Bolshevism, even the pampered workmen themselves could no longer buy anything with the fiat money issued by the Soviet, which the farmers refused to accept in payment for their produce. To break the increasing resistance of the bourgeois and the recalcitrance of the farmers, terror detachments were soon employed which committed the most dastardly crimes.

When the Soviet rule finally collapsed, a new national government was established under the leadership of ex-Admiral Horthy.

Admiral Horthy is the scion of a well known family whose members have distinguished themselves as public servants, in civil life or in the defense of their country. One of his brothers fell in the first month of the war. Horthy himself was a graduate of our naval academy and had served in the navy with distinction. The outbreak of the war finds him commander of a small cruiser. He distinguishes himself in various smaller engagements. He attracts the attention of his superiors by his action in the Straits of Otranto where he engages sixteen similar small enemy craft.

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Though wounded he remains on a stretcher on the bridge and successfully terminates his daredevil sortie. Splendid representative of the international type of an energetic and fearless naval officer, whether on sea or on land, he rallies to the national cause after the outbreak of Bolshevism and hurries to Szeged where the patriots were assembling. The latter were most fortunate indeed to be able to select this born leader as their standard bearer, which he has remained ever since.

After the downfall of Bolshevism, elections were held on the basis of the widest conceivable franchise, and the legislature thus elected in turn elected Admiral Horthy, as Governor of Hungary.

National reconstruction could not be brought about without incidents of violence in reaction against the Bolshevist rule, which—as regrettable as they were—can be fully understood in the light of the misdeeds of the Bolsheviki. The feeble, reëstablished government did its best to reinstate law and order, but was unable to prevent many acts of revenge which have received the widest publicity abroad under the name of the "White Terror".

Gradually, however, public order was restored and Hungary is again one of the safest countries in Europe.

Today practically the only memories of the periods of hatred are certain educational discriminatory measures against the Jews. Since these measures have formed the foundation of countless attacks against Hungary, it might be well to dwell on them at some length.

It is not within my province to determine whether Bela Kun and his People's Commissaries were good Jews or bad Jews; the fact is that not only Bela Kun but eighteen out of the twenty-four People's Commissaries were Jews, as were likewise the leaders of the terror detachments. The Gentile Commissaries were of such little consequence that the current joke was that they held office only to transact business on the Sabbath!

Hungary before the war had, to my knowledge, been the most liberal country with respect to the Jews. A very large immigration had been tolerated for many years from Russia, Roumania, and other countries where the Jews were subject to persecution, taking it for granted that in return they would become law-

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abiding citizens of the country. The awakening was all the more cruel, and unfortunately some of the assimilated and patriotic Jews were likewise made to feel some of the consequences of the misdeeds of their recently immigrated coreligionists.

There has hardly been a government in history confronted with such terrible problems as was the new National Government after the downfall of Bolshevism. In addition to the problem of the reëstablishment of law and order, to which I have referred before, there was the problem of reëstablishing production in a country where, owing to Bolshevism and the Roumanian invasion, the agricultural districts were bereft even of seed and draft animals. Farm machinery had been allowed to run down during five years of warfare and subsequent events. There was no money to buy machinery or fertilizers. The financial institutions and industrial plants had been wrecked apparently beyond hope by socialization. Added to these handicaps, the country had to face the reconstruction of its economic life, owing to foreign occupation of two-thirds of the territory of the country and to the "Chinese wall" which the occupying forces had thrown around this territory. Hungary had not been a highly developed industrial country. Most industrial articles had to be imported, but in certain lines highly specialized manufacturing was on a very high level, accustomed to sell in the large protected market of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. This large domestic market was now gone and, owing to the impossibility of buying from abroad,—having nothing to exchange for the imports,—every effort had to be made to level, so to speak, the industrial production to satisfy the needs of the country in all lines.

The same problem had to be faced even in agriculture. Thus, for instance, sugar beets were left in certain districts while the sugar factories were in occupied territory, or cattle left in one part while the feed-producing areas were lost, etc.

In spite of all these handicaps, the most remarkable progress was accomplished,—owing to the dogged determination of the race to live, to rebuild, or to patch up the old, as far as possible. For example, the reconstruction of the Hungarian government railroads which had been of a very high type before the war but had been ruined by the stress of war and the depredations of

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Bolshevism. Subsequently, the Roumanian invaders had removed, so to speak, everything that would still roll on rails; nothing but locomotives out of commission and dilapidated cars with wooden benches and gaping holes instead of windows were left. Unable to buy new material, scrap had to be utilized to put the cars again in commission. Owing to inability to buy good coal, used heretofore, boilers and grates were changed to burn the very poorest quality of coal, which is found in small quantities in the country. Pretty soon American travelers in southeastern Europe could report that they could tell the moment they passed the Hungarian border by the superior appearance of the rolling stock, as compared with the neighbouring countries. The Hungarian railroad workshops soon received orders for putting into shape the railroads of Yugoslavia.

The foreign situation appeared even more hopeless.

One third of the population speaking the Hungarian language found themselves separated from their kin with whom they had lived together for one thousand years. The persecutions directed against this separated element of the nation—established beyond doubt by various impartial British, American, and other commissions— kept the state of mind of the people in the remaining part of Hungary in constant turmoil.

The most pressing concern of the reëstablished Hungarian Government was to end formally the state of war. When the Hungarian Peace Delegation was summoned to Paris, it found itself faced with a cast iron treaty, sanctioning all foreign occupations of Hungarian soil—most of which had occurred in flagrant contravention of the terms of even the armistice of Belgrade. The Hungarian Peace Delegation could see plainly that the dismemberment of Hungary had to be faced at the very moment when the dismemberment of Poland was being rectified. In its plea to the Supreme Council, the Hungarian Peace Delegation declared its willingness to waive Hungary's historic title to the land—established by a thousand years' possession— if the dismemberment of the country should be the wish of the populations of the affected regions. To bring about this—which I am sure would have been a unique triumph of the principle of self-determination— the Hungarian Peace Delegation asked merely

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for the holding of a plebiscite under the Allies' direct supervision. The proposal was flatly refused, and the country dismembered without any impartial forum having established whether or not it was the wish of the affected populations!

Hungary, to my knowledge, has never received credit for manfully submitting to the inevitable, nor has the Hungarian Government received credit for preserving order in the country in spite of the repercussion of the persecutions directed against the fellow Hungarians who had been brought under foreign rule. The constant stream of destitute refugees pouring in from the annexed territories brought home again and again the unbearable hardships the Treaty of Trianon had imposed on the country.

The nation was sober enough to see the threatening analogy of Hungary's dismemberment with that of Poland's, one hundred and fifty years ago. There, at first only the border provinces were annexed, under one pretext or another—mostly based on racial kinship—by Russia, Prussia and Austria. Then these countries, having benefited by the dismemberment of Poland, formed a close alliance for the mutual protection of their spoils, but did not feel secure until even the last remaining portion of the unhappy country had been divided and ceased to exist as an independent State. The only possible way for Hungary to escape a similar fate seemed to be to submit to all demands, without scrutinizing their justification, and to fulfill punctiliously the obligations assumed in the Treaty of Trianon.

All the energies of the country were focused on economic reconstruction. As most economic evils could be traced back to the dilapidated state of finances, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Hegedüs, himself a banker, accepted this portfolio late in the fall of 1921, only with "dictatorial" powers, and, burdening the tax bearing capacity of the nation to the breaking point, brought about the most startling cuts in the budget, and had the legislature vote a capital levy of 15 per cent, enabling the Government to stop the printing press and practically to balance its budget. He also discontinued unemployment doles. As a result, within a few months time, the Hungarian crown was not only separated from the Austrian crown, but its New York quotation reached six to seven times its previous level.

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Although, owing to Hungary's partition, there was not much love lost between Hungary and her neighbors, who had all helped themselves to slices of Károlyi's Hungarian cake, it was plainly realized in the country that economic intercourse had to be resumed with them. Due to the persistent efforts and the self-restraint of the Hungarian Government, this aim has been accomplished to a remarkable extent. This apparently purely economic problem had most embarrassing political complications, on account of the economic character of the persecutions which had taken place of late against Hungarian residents of the neighbouring countries. This can best be illustrated by an example of the agrarian laws passed in these various countries.

Hardly any one will dissent on the social desirability of enabling the rural classes to acquire as much land as they need, even should this curtail the holdings of larger land owners. Thus a wave of land reform has gone over *post bellum* Europe, and we have it also in Hungary. The problem of the execution of land reform is twofold, however; first, the economic: in parceling up estates where, owing to greater wealth, the owners could carry on production on a higher level of efficiency, there lies the danger of giving more land to the peasants than they are able to cultivate and of thus abridging the economic production of the country as a whole; and second, the legal: land reform must be brought about without confiscation of private property, or else the Bolshevist confiscation of private property would merely be repeated, telling the peasants to help themselves.

In contrast to the method of procedure of the Soviets, Hungary provides for a fair valuation and compensation for the land taken away from the larger land owners, paid partly by the purchasing peasantry and partly by the state. Thus the parceling up of large holdings takes place only in districts where there is really need for the same. And, the man in charge of this reapportionment of land is a peasant himself, Mr. Szabo, the Minister of Agriculture.

The world has been filled with hostile propaganda directed against Hungary, calling her a firebrand and imputing to her all kinds of aggressive tendencies. The fact is that almost four years have gone by since the reëstablishment of the National

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Government, and not a single action can be quoted that would warrant any such allegations. Far from being a threat to her neighbours, Hungary is today absolutely at their mercy! The Hungarian Government has shown the best of faith in the execution of the Treaty of Trianon, accepting not only the loss of territory but complete disarmament as well. As a matter of fact, owing to the finances of the country, the Hungarian National Army does not reach the figure allowed by the terms of the peace treaty. In the matter of equipment the situation is still worse.

The world has been filled with discussions on German reparations *ad nauseam*, but as yet little has been said about Hungarian reparations. The outstanding characteristic difference is, however, that in the case of Germany it is the question of a country which has lost roughly only one-tenth of her territory, while in the case of Hungary you will find a country that has lost two-thirds of her territory. Hungary has paid reparations by the cession of territory and by having been "cleaned out" by the Roumanians, away beyond any figure that could have been reasonably expected from the country.

Europe has certainly not been in a good way since the Armistice, and at no previous time in history has the task of statesmen been so difficult as today. I hope, however, that I have succeeded in showing that Hungary wishes to be an asset and not a liability to the world at large and that she will work out her problems if left to herself and given a chance.

No matter how onerous the Treaty of Trianon has proved to be—and I am happy to say it was not accepted by America—the Hungarian Government has realized that the treaty ought to be given a working chance at least, and is most eager to coöperate heart and soul in any constructive plan that may be advanced for the betterment of present European conditions.

COUNT LÁSZLÓ SZÉCHÉNYI.

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"TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, AND PARIS, FRANCE"

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

In his inaugural address as President of the American Historical Association, Dean Haskins of Harvard quoted a remark by a private of a New Jersey regiment at the close of the late war: "There's a hell of a lot of difference between Trenton, New Jersey, and Paris, France; and you don't know it till you get to Paris, France."

I quote this remark again, not with a view to advertising the educational advantages of foreign travel, but because it is an eminently wise statement based on personal observation. There is a lot of difference. Yet it is that difference with respect to the rest of the world that the American people are asked to bridge. As this possibility opens before us, what are the actual political conditions which face us? What forces are at work here in America and abroad with reference to our foreign policies and the policies of other countries? Let us take a "swing round the circle" to have a look at things.

The entire controversy with regard to the prospect of the United States as a member of the World Court arises first of all from the inherent American dislike and distrust of European affairs. It is not that we are content with the "village pump", but that our "village" has seemed to be big enough for us. Many of us came from Europe to escape from just that sort of entanglement in the affairs of our neighbours which we fancy is now about to be thrust upon us. I well remember several years ago a long talk with an eminent American, who later was an Ambassador. He declared that the negro problem, the development of the Mississippi Valley, and other entirely domestic questions, would occupy the mind of America for years to come. There was no chance, he asserted, that problems of foreign policy

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would become dominant in American politics. He was wrong, of course, and we differed very frankly at the time.

However, it took a World War and experience abroad to complete his Ambassadorial education. He is today keenly interested in our foreign policy. Yet his original point of view was just the point of view which has had control in our national affairs and which was preëminently American. The facts of our history had escaped him and the weight of world affairs did not seem to be pressing.

Today, President Harding can say that "no one can hold the Presidential office without being convinced that it is impossible for the United States to stand aloof from the rest of the world." This remark, however, was not intended as encouragement to those who would see the United States join the League of Nations. The opinion of the leaders of the Republican party is still heavily against such a step. Nevertheless, the remark is not without significance, for it shows that the experience of office has told on the President; and it exhibits an innate desire to see the United States play her rightful part in the affairs of the world. Unquestionably the President is more at home in domestic matters; the relief with which he turns to such questions is apparent. He did not have the vision for the study of foreign relations; but gradually he has seen that they must play an enormous part in the success or failure of his administration.

The decision to propose joining the Permanent Court of International Justice, or World Court, came from the feeling that something must be done to demonstrate the readiness of the United States to take part in world affairs. It also came from the influence of distinguished lawyers in persuading the Administration that it was safe and wise to join in the movement. During 1921 Mr. Root and his associates were abroad, largely concerned with the development of the idea that the principles of American federalism were historically applicable to the choice of judges for the World Court. Professor Moore of Columbia University was later elected as a member of the Court. It was apparent, however, that the advocates of the World Court would not be satisfied until the United States was actually a member. Consequently a small group of lawyers were again associated in studying ways

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and means of securing it. This non-partisan but highly professional group had from the first the support of Secretary Hughes and thus eventually of President Harding.

In connection with this decision, however, there is the political aspect of the matter to be considered. In this there are four elements. (1) First are those who are strong in their hatred of war but who are equally strong in their opposition to American participation in European affairs. This group, of whom Senator Borah may be considered the mouthpiece, favours a movement to "outlaw war". They consequently are opposed to the idea of admission to the World Court. They fear that the American people will be satisfied merely with the support of the Court. To this group belong some of the professional Pacifists and many of the Radicals. They, therefore, want the plan for admission to this Court shelved as interfering with the highly commendable but practically impossible scheme that they advocate.

(2) A second element is opposed to the World Court because it is "European". They see the United States as the one country which can remain free from the burdens of international rivalry, and they quote without ceasing the much misunderstood language of George Washington. Foreign affairs are taboo to them and Europe is a hotbed of hatreds. Senator Johnson or Senator Moses is perhaps typical of this group.

(3) Still a third group is ready for the admission of the United States to the World Court because they fancy it is a step in the direction of American participation in world affairs and because they expect in this way to open the door at the next election in November, 1924, to our admission to the League of Nations. The campaign is already on for this purpose. The League of Nations Non-Partisan Association is busy with its programme of speakers; and the stage is set for an enthusiastic welcome to President Harding's plan because out of it the advocates of the League of Nations expect to accomplish something much beyond the thought of the administration at Washington. Ex-Justice Clarke, Mr. Colby, and Mr. Wickersham, are of this camp.

(4) Fourthly and finally, there are President Harding himself and those Senators who, willingly or unwillingly, are supporting him in a plan to settle the difficult question of doing something

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which will show to the American people that the Republican party has kept its pledges and yet to avoid the issue of joining the League of Nations or of actively participating in European affairs. They declare that it is possible for the World Court to remain a part of the League of Nations, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, but that the United States can join the Court without in any way entangling itself by associating with the League of Nations. I suppose this is true; certainly some of the best legal brains in America have certified that it is possible. President Harding has come out emphatically for admission to the World Court; he declares that "the national heart, conscience, and judgment are alike enlisted", and that "we need never fear that any opposition will prevail".

What is the reason for all this fervor and agitation? Why are we to hear this summer speech after speech on the World Court? Why at the next session of Congress is the Senate to discuss reservations in the endeavour to tie up the entire matter? The plan is a perfectly simple one. The United States is to be invited to join the World Court after that body has been sufficiently separated from the League of Nations. Whether that is done or not, for us to stay out of the Court, to oppose membership in it, would be an absurdity. We have favoured the idea of arbitration and the practice of judicial settlement of those international disputes which are justiciable. The fact that we are not already a member of the Court is in itself an accident of politics. President Harding is simply trying to put us where we belong.

The real reason for the commotion this proposal has created lies in its implications and associations. There is in the proposal a possible attempt to confuse the real issues of the coming Presidential campaign. The supporters of President Harding wish to point to our membership in the World Court as an achievement, as a demonstration of our interest in and sympathy with the affairs of the world outside. They have no intention of committing the United States beyond that. The supporters of the League of Nations, on the other hand, wish to have our membership in the Court as a stepping stone toward full membership in the League. For this reason they will try to demonstrate

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the futility of going only as far as the Court and refusing to go further toward association with other nations.

It is for such reasons that the visit of Lord Robert Cecil was of interest and importance to the issues of the next Presidential campaign. Rarely has a foreigner had to define for us the real issue of our domestic politics. Yet that is precisely what Lord Robert did. By sedulously refusing to discuss the World Court, by keeping entirely aloof from our politics, and by keeping firmly and courteously to his own theme,—the League of Nations,—he placed an apparently hopeless cause in a position where no one could neglect it.

The foreign policy of the United States has had a hard struggle. So far under Secretary Hughes it has the Washington Conference to its credit. The treaties signed there have not as yet been ratified by France. Their intent, however, has already become practically a certainty. Great Britain and Japan have already shown by their policies that they intend to adhere to them. The Far East is, for the time, quiescent as far as any rivalry between the United States and Japan is concerned. In the mean time at Tokio the content of Japanese policies is slowly become clearer. It is by a policy of friendship with China to try gradually to take the position of commercial advantage and of real direction that Japan thinks is rightfully hers. Meantime the Chinese, by the rivalry of their *tuchuns*, or local chieftains, and by the corruption of their politics, are rapidly throwing away the advantages they had gained at Washington. It is clear that the immediate future of the Far East must depend largely on local and domestic politics.

Our policy in the Near East has been reviewed so recently (*The United States and The New Turkey* in this REVIEW for May) that it is necessary only to observe that so far our policy has been chiefly negative. So also with reference to Russia, the administration continues in lawyer-like fashion to support the policy of non-recognition laid down under President Wilson. Disputes as to the enforcement of our laws at sea could be extremely interesting were the cargoes any save liquor. The Eighteenth Amendment seems to have forced us into a conflict of national laws which, however, does not as yet touch any fundamental issue of foreign

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policy. The controversy still remains a source of irritation and a cause of perplexity to foreign countries. Indeed were we not, for the time being, in such an impregnable physical position, the issue might become important. At all events the enforcement or modification of the law at home is morally much more important.

Gradually and after what has seemed almost unnecessary caution, our relations with Mexico seem to be becoming both more cordial and regular. The reëstablishment of full diplomatic relations appears to be imminent. The Pan-American Conference is now over and our representatives seem to have wound up affairs there on good terms though practically nothing was accomplished.

So we come to the tangle of reparations, which for most of us means the occupation of the Ruhr by France. On this also turns the question of the limitation of armaments and the problem of debts. The adjustment of the terms for the payment of the British debt has been followed by proposals for settlement along similar lines by Finland and by Czechoslovakia. No other countries have so far taken any steps to adjust their indebtedness to us. Indeed we practically have to face the fact that neither France nor Italy can, at present, pay even the interest. In the mean time the adjustment of the entire international economic fabric awaits. There is no prospect of a conference to deal with that, largely because of the American insistence that we would not forgive even a portion of those debts. Today, with a Presidential campaign beginning ahead of time, no American party could venture on a policy which would apparently be throwing away even a remote chance of recovery of those debts. To enter a conference on world economics and at the same time to say that international debts to us were not to be discussed, would be an absurdity.

The occupation of the Ruhr is more than the gesture of France. It is really war of an economic sort. It represents the endeavour of France to secure for herself both the proper reparation due her and the security which, above all, she demands. Today Europe is not disarmed largely because there exists an inevitable fear. That fear is due to the failure of the Peace of Versailles to provide for a moral as well as a physical release from war. Small

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wonder that we have a movement to "outlaw war", that the stinging memories of the recent struggle should provoke good people to attempt impossible results with feeble tools!

On the one hand are the positive evils of the Treaty of Versailles; chief among them the fact that reparations were fixed at too high a figure and that figure an indefinite one. There followed the deliberate attempt by Germany to twist out of paying even what she actually could pay. In this she was aided by the great industrial magnates, who saw the chance both to help their Government and to line their own pockets. The deposit of money in neutral countries and the opening up of large credits in banks which were outside of Germany saved such sums from legitimate taxation at home and left the printing of immense quantities of paper money as the only means of supplying the country with currency.

On the other hand is the failure of the guarantees to give France security. This was to have been by the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, and France. Add to this the general disregard into which the League of Nations was plunged by our rejection of the Treaty of Versailles and by the policies of European statesmen. These chose to negotiate by personal interviews and to depend among themselves on direct negotiations instead of lending support to the League of Nations. Under such circumstances the decisions of the League were at times disregarded. In the cases both of the Near East and of the Ruhr the problems seemed too great for the League, or to be complicated by outside factors. The result was that France finally determined on action to protect herself. The chance to break the passive resistance of Germany and to secure reparations and economic and military security as well seemed to her to be good. The result we can all see today is an involved and desperate problem. It includes the intricate question of control of mineral resources in a region which has been a battlefield for centuries. The economics of diplomacy has rarely faced a more difficult task.

And what can we say of the United States in this hasty survey of foreign politics? That we are well out of it. That it is a mess, and that Europe hates us but needs our money. That the United States should show its sympathy but should not join the

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League of Nations. That we should join the League of Nations. All of these answers could be given. But are they quite true? Is there not another way of looking at the matter?

Some of us maintain that the first and greatest mistake was made when President Wilson "stood pat" and refused to accept any reservations to the Treaty of Versailles. The reasons for that do not now concern us. Certainly the lessons of the last four years have shown that the treaty is much in need of revision. The second mistake is no less vital; it is our refusal to undertake any responsibility for the state of affairs in Europe. As one man bluntly put it: "The Republicans have kept on making the same mistakes the Democrats did in the winter of 1920." By such mistakes we weakened our moral grip on the situation enormously. Furthermore, the loss of time in dealing with a constantly growing evil was more and more apparent.

If, for example, we had come forward in the spring of 1921 with the proposal which Secretary Hughes made last December, there is considerable chance that the occupation of the Ruhr would never have taken place. The obvious difficulty with that proposal was that it was made at least nine months too late. Opinions had become settled; decisions had been made; and the plan lacked effective power. To propose that a disinterested commission of business men should sit to determine what reparations should be paid, without the authority to enforce their findings, was lacking in diplomatic efficiency. Furthermore, both the French and the British were possibly ready to come to a decision which was approximately correct—namely, about $12,500,000,000. Our moral support could be taken for granted.

The question goes deeper, though, when we include the problem of security; and it is fundamentally security which France requires. Here again it is by no means certain at present that France would now be willing to accept the American-British guarantee as offered in 1919 and later withdrawn in 1920. That guarantee was based on the French withdrawal of the claim for the Rhine frontier. Today who can say what sort of security France wishes? The truth is that as time goes on the economic as well as the military demands of France seem to grow apace. Meanwhile there is a constantly increasing bitterness. The

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organized secret sabotage service of Germany is bent on real destruction while the feeling of lawlessness grows.

It would be idle to speculate on the circumstances and terms which may be secured. The main fact is that at present opinion is too inflamed for any one power to interfere alone in the problem. In that respect Secretary Hughes is unquestionably right. Indeed one man, whose country certainly has no reason to love the Allies, said the other day that under the circumstances he thought the United States had done well to leave the situation alone. "It was either a matter of cracking their heads together in Europe or of staying out." On the whole, therefore, an attitude of readiness to assist in a concrete way, when the time may be ripe, seems to be the best policy to pursue at present.

There remains, however, the question of security at large. This at once raises the complaint with regard to Europe that is now common among most Americans. Why is Europe spending money on armaments when budgets cannot be balanced? We have lectured Europe in vain; we have said that it was hopeless to expect that the United States would associate herself with States which seemed to be bent on bankruptcy. In this we showed the separation and the distance between "Trenton, New Jersey, and Paris, France". But it remained a sincere conviction that physical competitive armaments were at the root of the trouble. In such ideas we were possibly right; but we did not appreciate the "moral disarmament" that was also necessary. We did not take count of the fact that the League of Nations was as yet without sufficient prestige and active authority to be the real guardian of European peace.

Today we find by the statistics that in round figures the standing armies in Europe number 4,355,000 men. That is an increase of over 600,000 men as compared with the year before the war, when the figures stood at 3,747,000 men. In the mean time Austria has practically ceased to exist as a military state and Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria have been compelled to reduce their forces by 700,000 men. For the rest of Europe this means an increase of over 1,300,000 men who are now actually serving in armies. And yet the last war was "the war to end war"! Have we forgotten that at the end of 1918 Italian privates in

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barracks had little shrines where three or four candles burned before the poster portrait of President Wilson? Here daily rough privates of the line knelt praying that President Wilson, as the one man in the world who might, would end all wars!

Now as we look at Europe we see her "Balkanized". Each of the smaller new states has its army; and it is largely to these that the new additions to the total of standing armies is due. "Self-determination" is not cheap in the new economics of unproductive consumption! France remains about as strong as before; Italy has reduced her forces; Great Britain is slightly larger than in 1913. The United States has already fixed her forces at a negligible figure which is in reality too low. As a matter of fact we have today less than 50,000 available for actual combat troops. However, as we look at Europe can we welcome the cry: "Come on in! The water's fine!"

The root of the difficulty seems to be that people got into the habit of maintaining armed forces and cannot get out of it, especially in view of the miles and miles of new frontiers to be defended and in view of the numerous delicate disputes still remaining to be solved. Many of the new frontiers were hastily and arbitrarily drawn; many are not natural frontiers. They transgress areas of economic interest and do not give the protection of geography. The result is that a large part of the population of Europe lives under a burden of fear. Security is fundamental to such a situation and it is idle for us, in our sheltered trans-Atlantic position, to preach over the prospect.

What can be done about the matter? At present there is discussion of the problem before the League of Nations. That organization is in need of amendment and of supplement. The meaning of Article X is by no means clear, and, as Lord Robert Cecil acknowledges, it "is an ill drawn article. In practice it is doubtful whether it could ever be brought into operation." General Sir Frederick Maurice criticizes it from a military angle when he says: "No general staff could draw up plans of defense in reliance upon so nebulous an engagement". Thus the guarantee is attacked in the house of its friends. That article reads:

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The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.

Were I writing on the League of Nations, other paragraphs in the famous Covenant might be criticized. There is, in any case, the entire question of regional guarantees. When the new programme comes finally before the League it will very probably at once simplify and clarify the entire situation. It is proposed that within Europe there should be a general guarantee by a supplementary treaty, and secondly that, in given concrete examples, there should be local regional agreements. These would be peculiar to the problems involved and might very well make strongly for security at large. At least that is the hope of those who have been working on the project. If such a programme were adopted there might be a decided reduction in the standing armies of Europe.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the status of the League of Nations leaves something to be desired. Certainly it is not the "cure all" for which so much was claimed, nor is it the ingenious but devilish device for binding the United States that we were familiar with in 1920. It was a gamble then, but considering the circumstances of the world perhaps the only available gamble. Today and in the immediate future its duty is an improvement of its own situation.

So far no one has a workable alternative to offer to the League of Nations. On the other hand the close conservatism of our politics is breaking down. The commercial and economic forces which bind us to the rest of the world are real and effective. It is impossible, however, to touch on those elements in our world situation at this time. The economics of diplomacy is a force whose potency none can deny. That certainly is making every day for a deeper interest in foreign policy. So the various currents of our national life seem to set more strongly toward an active participation in world affairs. Whether we join the League of Nations or no, they all have the tendency to restore to our foreign policy an effective vigor and the determination that the United States will still play a rôle as a partner in great events.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

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THE PROTEAN POWER

BY THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN

One of the popular philosophers of the day, Bergson, observes that it takes longer to "change ourselves than to change our tools". Another, Ferraris, has even more recently asserted that, so far from invention having done the world any good, "we have become the slaves of our own tyrant inventions". Both critical slurs on modern civilization may be true, but shall we settle back into the past, shall we stop inventing, shall we cease to use and improve the tools we have? And if there is no such possibility as arrest, must not the forward movement be continued? How can we stop thinking?

It was with no such pessimistic, Bolshevistic note that the present writer, in The North American Review of April, 1888, summed up what electrical development had then done in the fifty years since Morse completed his rough operative model of the recording electro-magnetic telegraph and exhibited it to a half skeptical, half marveling public. Nor can a view other than optimistic be now taken at the close of the one hundred years marked by the great electro-magnetic discoveries of Oersted, the Dane, Ampere, the Frenchman, Faraday, the Englishman, and Joseph Henry, the American. So much has been accomplished since 1820–21 in the great realm of electro-dynamics that one hesitates before the impossibility of summing up adequately all the advances in the century named, in the arts and sciences, with all the industrial and social changes involved, be they for good or ill. The direct results of electrical development are tangible and innumerable. The implications as to remote and probable effects are, equally, subtle and innumerable.

Electricity is advancing so far and fast, in these days of radio and vivisection of the atom, that people are apt to assume it is wholly shifting to new bases. Nothing of the kind! At the very instant, when the world is being belted with wireless

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towers, like poles along a highway, and our Government has to intervene between rival broadcasters who are grubstaking the firmament, the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army comes out with an announcement of a modified Morse alphabet to speed up wire and cable telegraphy. Even more emphatic evidence as to the value and utility of the older methods of transmitting intelligence is the fact that a new transatlantic cable to operate between New York and London is to be laid right away at a cost of $10,000,000. But did not Dr. Elihu Thomson assert in 1898, on the very heels of Marconi's wireless sensation, that radio "will not replace telegraph lines and cables"? And here is the proof, twenty-five years later.

It is just twenty-one years since Marconi, having a month or two before jumped the signal "S" in Morse code across the Atlantic, was banqueted by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers to mark their appreciation of the significant event. To use his own language, he had "proved once and for all that electric waves could be transmitted and received across the ocean; and that long distance radio-telegraphy, about which so many doubts were entertained, was really going to become an established fact." Rumours were in circulation that "doubts" were still so profound at the time that the scoffers actually got up a round robin of protest against such recognition of the brilliant young Italian. Before the same body last year, when over here to receive two American engineering gold medals, the great inventor, dealing with the technical problems of a new art and gigantic industry, was able to assert: "If radio has already done so much for the safety of life at sea, for commerce, and for commercial and military communications, it is also destined to bring new and until recently unforeseen opportunities for healthy recreation and instruction into the lives of millions of human beings." A month before this, a portrait of King Victor Emmanuel had been transmitted by wireless from Italy to the United States. Late in 1921 President Harding addressed a peace message to twenty-seven nations by wireless from Long Island.

Beyond all this lies the infinitely important field of wireless power transmission. The discussion of this crops up incessantly, showing how much it is in men's minds. In lectures in

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America, England and France, thirty years ago, Nikola Tesla proclaimed his belief in the coming feasibility of such transmission; and a little later he described in detail some features of his systematic research then carried on, and still being urged, with the object of perfecting a method of transmission of electrical energy through the natural medium; first, to develop a transmitter of great power; second, to perfect means for individualizing and isolating the energy transmitted; and third, to ascertain the laws of propagation through the earth and the atmosphere.

Intimately associated as telephony is with the telegraph out of which it grew, and with radio that has emancipated it from any bondage of the wired circuit, speech transmission remains an art and industry alone, apart from both in all its essentials. The American Government insisted on this separation of function and management a few years ago—which had some reason; although anti-trust legislation has never gone quite so far as to hold that the same man shall not sell moist sugar and granulated over the same counter; or that an electric light company must not supply arc and incandescent lamps from the same plant. Telephony as a business is, indeed, all that one class of managers could well look after, even if it were all consolidated into one system, as it is not. The growth is extraordinary, with 14,000,000 telephone stations now tied into a single network, or one to every eight of the population. Ten years ago, it was one in thirteen, and in 1900 it was only one in ninety. Probably there are about as many public exchange telephones in use as automobiles, to say nothing of an enormous aggregate scattered through small "interior" services. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, while the population of the United States has increased forty-five per cent and the volume of general business may be said roughly to have increased one hundred per cent, the number of telephone stations has increased nine hundred per cent. That any two of these fourteen million subscribers can literally talk to each other at any time, if they will, is to say the least extraordinary. That many of them require such service is seen in the fact that in New York alone 4,000,000 long distance calls originate yearly; 2,000,000 in Chicago and Philadelphia each, and 500,000 in such places as

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Boston, Pittsburg and Cleveland. The vital value of the telephone as a means of swift communication between seventy thousand American cities, towns and villages is seen in the further fact that the telephone communications of the country exceed the postal by fifty per cent. If Europe enjoyed anything like such service, further discussion of a League of Nations might well seem academic. It might enjoy equivalent conditions, if the telephone were in private hands there as here and were not muddled and mangled by governmental bureaus. As was said by President Gill, of the British Institution of Electrical Engineers, last November: "One way of increasing good will among nations—especially to be encouraged by all means possible at the present time—is by greater and ever greater intercommunication by all methods. In the telephone we have the most perfect means of communication of which we know, and the ability by interchange of conversation, to remove misunderstandings."

Perhaps the most notable change in telephonic electro-mechanical conditions in recent years has been the removal from the subscriber's station of the hand crank that he had to work and the batteries that the local company had to renew. Rivaling this modification would be the resort to "machine switching" or the "automatic system", still in its earlier stages of general use. It marks in the older industry, telephony, the same radical supersession of human labour seen even more strikingly in the later one of domestic electric light and power service. As in the home, so in the telephone exchange, a great deal of work still has to be done by women. But we are now face to face with a reorganized domestic economy, when electricity becomes the "angel in the house", so far as that beautiful phrase applies to "hired help". Modern electrified social life in America is very different from what such unelectrified life was before the Great War. No ordinary coincidence lies in the upward swinging curves of electrical appliance sales as contrasted with the downward swinging curves of female immigration and the decline in the rate of population increase. A social revolution is also seen in the combined higher cost of living and the greater scarcity of labour. It will take a long time, if it ever happens at all, to bring back the rate of population gain of about fourteen per cent in the decade 1910–

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20 to the thirty per cent rate of 1870–80. American families will have to be larger than they now are, and European "quotas" will have to be altered before "domestic help" is once again in fuller, cheaper supply. At least ten million American homes are now wired for electric current, and each of these is a customer for current consumption apparatus of which there are now endless varieties. It was stated not long ago that whereas there were only ten thousand electric ranges for cooking in use in the United States in 1915 that number would have reached half a million by 1922. It is stated also that in an "eight hour kitchen",—electrical, of course,—a family of three can have their average meals a day cooked on an electric range at a cost of only 2.01 cents a meal for each person.

Turning to factory production of equal moment, let it be noted that Herbert Spencer was seriously lacking in the sense of humour, and never realized how funny was his remark in an essay on Education: "Numerous attempts have been made to construct electro-magnetic engines in the hope of superseding steam, but had those who supplied the money understood the general law of the correlation and equivalence of forces, they might have had better balances at the banks." The *Electrical World* has an article bristling with graphic curves on the "conquering force" in American manufactures. It demonstrates that sixty-one per cent of the primary power in our factory plants is now electrical. Nor is that the end, for "The day does not seem far distant when three-quarters of the motive power of the factories and mills as a whole will be electric." A very up-to-date pamphleteer estimates the varieties of businesses and industries to which electric power is applied as 3,000. He may be guilty of understatement, for a book published last October stated that in New York City alone nearly 800,000 horse power of energy was being supplied to electric motors, and added: "It would be very easy to count up the unelectrified trades and crafts among the 32,626 manufacturing establishments of Greater New York." All the 16,923 factories in the United States classified by the Census as using electric power in 1900 reported only 311,000 horse power of capacity.

Electrified farms are next in order, and the process is already well advanced. It will go faster and farther if the modern fac-

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tory system is broken up by redistributing manufactures to the countless farms where water power is cheaply available from falls on the spot or energy is wired from distant hydro-electric plants. Iowa is not particularly distinguished for its water power, but the State College of Agriculture two or three years ago reported a study of a single township, showing that eleven per cent of the farms had electric light, forty-eight per cent power washing machines, fifty-four per cent vacuum cleaners or carpet sweepers, ninety-three per cent telephones, and twenty-six per cent electric or gas irons. Probably a hundred per cent have automobiles with some kind of electric auxiliary—such as battery, magneto, lights. It was estimated in 1920 that to the electrified farms of America not less than 250,000 more every year are added through putting in plants of their own or by being "hooked on to" the circuits that run near them. Nor is ordinary farm and dairy work the limit of possibilities and actualities. Electric pumping is a pronounced success, including such specialties as spraying fruit trees and watering onion crops. Electrical incubators have long been in use, with motor-driven blowers to circulate the heated air. Other novel uses include the operation of cotton gins, the driving of fruit conveyors, the running of orange sorting machinery, electric threshing, and as in California the use of electric heat for the drying of walnuts and desiccated fruit. The application of electricity to the stimulation of plant life is in its earlier stages, varied by the electrification of seed.

A famous electrical inventor, expressing his admiration of the incandescent lamp, said that if the tallow candle were invented today it would be hailed as an even greater gift to mankind than its successful modern rival. There is something in that. Probably the bow and arrow, if introduced as novelties, would also command the enthusiasm of a world shot to pieces by high explosive shells and killed in regiments by deadly vapors. But the true course of invention is never backward. Invention simply gives us a wider range of selection in the means with which to satisfy wish or purpose. Quite likely there are more tallow candles, arrows, and sailing craft in use today than ever before in the world's history, but the percentage of people using them was never so small. Even in the newer arts that rep-

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resent triumphant supersession, the same process of selection goes on, and nowhere more swiftly than in the electrical field. The arc lamp once reigned supreme in America, with fifty "parent" companies making it. Today but a few hundred thousand arcs are turned out annually, and even these embody no fewer than ten fundamental changes in type since 1880. The chief uses of the old fashioned arc are at two ends of the scale, searchlights throwing beams and glare a hundred miles, or motion picture projectors adding to the joy of millions; but even there the tenure of job is precarious. The little incandescent lamp, David against Goliath, has replaced the palæozoic arc illuminant. In turn, the glowing filament in its crystal vacuum is again rivaled by newer lamps in which mere metallic vapors by agitation are made to furnish illumination. Moreover the incandescent has been in full evolution for nearly fifty years; although no essential structural improvement has been made since, with Edison's first lamp of 1879 as a landmark, the new art began commercially, as one element in a programme of which Dr. John W. Lieb has said epigrammatically that it aimed to render electricity available as "the most flexible and convenient agent of our modern civilization, and now used for every conceivable purpose, and application, as heat, light and power". Yet so slowly after all does innovation come that it is barely a score of years since the one form of electric lamp that strictly compares with the candle was put into man's hands—the humble little flash-light!

Dr. Lieb is quoted above as to the universality of modern electrical supply for heat, light and power. To this all-embracing category must be added a supplementary chapter of chemical applications and the kindred arts of electro-metallurgy. It all began, of course, with the Voltaic primary battery and its congener, the storage battery, but they are only small departments of a great art. The oldest of the electrolytic processes may be regarded as that of electroplating, handmaiden to the silversmith's industry, as is electrotyping to that of printing and publishing. The electrolytic refining of metals is so general that its processes affect very vitally not only copper production but precious and other metals. In 1921, chemicals valued at nearly $50,000,000 were produced by electrical processes, including

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aluminum, the ferroalloys, calcium carbide, chlorine bleaches, sodium hydroxide, the abrasives, peroxide of hydrogen, and oxygen. One of the very latest of the electrolytic processes is that of waterproofing fabrics, by the Tate method. The salts are not only integrated with the fabric, but the material treated becomes immune to moth and mold. Of late years, the electro-thermal methods have seen an enormous extension. In 1915 there were already 213 electric furnaces in use in the world, but by 1920 the number had risen to 1,390, an increase of 650 per cent in five years; while the more recent advances deal successfully with the ferroalloys, high grade steels and the melting of steel for castings. The brass industry has also been deeply affected. One of the most notable of the achievements in the furnace field has been its production of the carborundum abrasive and of artificial graphite, both by Dr. E. G. Acheson. A parallel line of electro-thermal development has been seen in the establishment of an entirely new art in electric welding, carried so far as to assist not only in the construction of bridges and steel buildings but in the fabrication of ships, also propelled electrically. Railway shops and steel foundries use such processes freely.

Nor is it at repair shops that railroads are staying their hand in regard to the use of electric power. It is an anachronism that today, when the whole country cries aloud for fuel, the railroads use up on their own tracks more than twenty-five per cent of the 600,000,000 tons of coal they haul from the mines. But with the improvement in railroad finances, the revolution is at hand. As Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz says: "Steam cannot compete with electricity. It costs more and does less. A steam engine must slacken speed on up-grades. Electric locomotives with unlimited power behind them can go at top speed all the time." The coal should not be hauled but burned at the mine, or, better yet, wherever possible, should be supplanted by the white fuel of the waterfalls. There is probably developed in the United States at the present moment 100,000,000 hydraulic horsepower, saving, it is said, about 80,000,000 tons of coal. But there is around 50,000,000 undeveloped or unreservoired water horsepower, the use of which should save at least 40,000,000 tons of coal annually.

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Returning, however, to reconstruction, it may be noted that while electrification has begun in barely one per cent of the railroad route mileage of the world, as much as has been converted to the better way. Of course the United States leads, as in everything else electrical, having 1,607 route miles out of a total of 5,565, and 385 electric locomotives out of 1,611—say a good twenty-five per cent. Nineteen countries contribute to the totals, and it is striking to say the least to find that France has 385, and Italy 309 electric locomotives. England has only a dozen, but, like this country, is on the verge of a vast transformation. France will have all its railroads electrified in fifteen years, according to Stéphane Lauzanne, of the Paris *Matin;* while even in Africa the South African Commonwealth has invited bids on and will soon begin equipment of its great railway system as a whole.

In the early days of automobilism, a very large proportion of the cars were electric, while now in retrospection, and in survey of the fifteen million gasoline cars in use, the "electric" seems to have been left "at the post". A few facts, however, demand consideration. For example, one company reported as of April 15, 1922, that since 1908 it had bought no fewer than 1,444 street and industrial electric trucks, and had in over forty cities 1,477 in use at that time. It stated also that in one city alone it had taken out fifty gasoline cars and replaced them with fifty electrics. The New York Metropolitan District witnessed the purchase of eight hundred electric trucks in 1920–21. A committee of the National Electric Light Association sent a questionnaire in 1922 to three hundred and seventy-five owners who replied that they were using 2,107 electric trucks, which averaged four and one-third years in service. In Chicago, the central stations derive an annual income of $800,000 from the sale of current to electrics. In New York City the same revenue is estimated to exceed $1,000,000, in addition to which one company operates a fleet of its own of no fewer than one hundred and five electric conveyances of various types. As one authority specifies the upkeep of an electric based on his experience as "just about fifty per cent of the cost of upkeep of a gas car", the optimism of electrical engineers as to the future of automobilism seems fully warranted.

When Edison furnished his first waterpower central station at

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Appleton, Wisconsin, in the fall of , the dynamo unit for generating current was of 180-light city, with lamps of ten candlepower each. Forty years lat he manufacturing company that continues to carry on the en rise thus started is now installing the world's largest generato hich will supply 87,000 horsepower, or say 3,500,000 lamp sixteen candlepower. Units of this size are not likely to be fe , but the question arises as to whether there n y not be a limit i posed by both engineering and commercial difficulties. Meantime, a Chicago company which with steam has beaten Niagara as a bulk producer of electrical energy with water, is to have in operation by August, 1924, the largest station in the world, producing 600,000 kilowatts with ten huge steam turbo-generator units of from 40,000 to 60,000 kilowatts (75,000 horsepower each). To grind out that quantity of "current" will mean a consumption of about 2,000,000 tons of coal a year, but ten years ago an equivalent performance would have required 80 per cent more coal, or 3,500,000 tons a year. Once more the question arises: "Is this the ultimate, and why should it be?" The same question occurs again as to the transformers, which like springboards are used to catapult the electrical energy long distances. A hint of coming change is again found in the novel "magnetron" types of transformer that link the new electron discoveries with the prior art of electro-dynamics.

All of which leads us to the discussion of utilizing other sources of energy than coal and water power. All the proposed newer methods involve resort to electricity. Some of these economies are fanciful, some are plausible; some have already been tried out with little relative success. There are the tides, the winds and the waves, for example. Nothing is really done with them today, although all that is necessary is to hitch them to any bunch of revolving wires and magnets, and current is at once available for use or to store. Nobody has yet found out on any practical scale how to utilize the enormous energy of the sun, although the scorching Sahara might well put Niagara to the blush as a power producer. More than one interesting effort has been made to secure electricity directly from the consumption of carbon, wet or dry; or from heat applied to thermo-electric couples. But if these or kindred schemes have any validity, the

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data certainly escaped ord when the United States Census Office compiled in 192 ts statistics of American electrical machinery made by 1,3? stablishments to the amount of $833,-986,000 in value of pr ct. Just now a delightful theme of scientific speculation is tomic energy" and its possible availability. Radio-activity its later investigations has not only opened up many new p hs of pursuit into the inner mysteries of nature and the constitution of matter, but has suggested many new arts and appliances hitherto undreamed of. "Were we able to harness this energy, we should have," says Dr. Steinmetz enthusiastically, "a force beyond anything known before in terms of power. If we could extract, at will and whenever we pleased, the energy in a pound of radio-active substance, we should derive therefrom as much energy as we could by burning about 1,500 tons of coal, and there would be as much expansive or explosive force in that pound as in 1,500 tons of dynamite." That is one rather concrete way of putting what Nikola Tesla, thirty years ago, said in a poetical vein worthy of his favourite Goethe: "There is a possibility of obtaining energy not only in the form of light, but motive power, and energy of any other form, in some more direct way from the medium. We are whirling through endless space with an inconceivable speed. All around us everything is spinning, everything is moving, everywhere is energy. There must be some way of availing ourselves of this energy more directly." At the very beginning of these advances lies all this subtle modern study of atomic velocities; the discovery that one can surgically remove an electron from an atom, and even the theories that matter itself is no more than "electrical whorls" screwed up in a tight knot. In appeal to the imagination, the ethics of the dust are not comparable with modern electrophysics.

THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN.

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ORDINANCE MAKING POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT

BY JAMES HART

THE lawyer as well as the layman is often puzzled by the phrase "ordinance making power" as applied to the American Executive. Has he not read in the books that our executives have no legislative powers? Do not our State constitutions still have their distributing clauses? Does not the Federal Constitution declare that "all legislative powers herein granted" are vested in Congress? And is it not a fundamental principle that *delegata potestas non potest delegari?* The truth is, there is here as elsewhere a curious divergence between the lawyer's theory and actual constitutional practice. Few of our legal text-writers, none of our courts, speak of the ordinances of any administrative organs except municipal corporations. With this exception the term is almost unknown to the technical language of our law. There are indeed writers who recognize that our executives do in fact have powers of a legislative character; but even they are not agreed on a term for such power. President Goodnow calls it the ordinance power or the power of ordinance; Professor Willoughby names it the ordinance making power; while Professor Fairlie has recently spoken of it as administrative legislation. The term was used in England in the fourteenth century to designate an enactment of the King or the King in Council without the assent of Parliament. The power of ordinance, which became more limited than the power of legislation, died out, says Anson, in the fifteenth century, only to be revived in the next as the power of proclamation. In 1610 Coke declared in a famous opinion that proclamations might be used to warn the subjects of what the law was, but not to create a new offense. They continued to be so used, however, until the abolition of the extraordinary court of the Star Chamber in 1641. In both England and America the proclamation is a form of executive promulgation, the contents of

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which may be either legislative or merely hortatory or declaratory. Thus we have the Emancipation Proclamation and the annual Thanksgiving proclamation in the same form. The English have also such terms as Order in Council and statutory order, while we have both Executive Order and rules and regulations. But each of these again refers to a particular form or class of ordinance, while the very variety of terms, as contrasted with German nomenclature, shows that the power of executive legislation is little recognized as a distinct category of our jurisprudence.

If the term is unusual and not even fixed, the fact of Presidential ordinance making has existed from the foundation of the Republic. In our commercial warfare during the Napoleonic wars, Congress delegated discretionary powers to the President in connection with embargoes and aliens. Then in the war for Southern independence President Lincoln issued a number of legislative proclamations. Such were the proclamation of the blockade, the proclamation prohibiting commercial intercourse with the so-called rebellious States, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the proclamation of the amnesty. Some of his ordinances were issued under Congressional authorization, others were issued on his own authority and were later ratified by Congress. Some, such as the amnesty proclamation, resulted from the exercise of his constitutional functions as well as from Congressional delegation. Again in 1917–18 the necessities of war compelled Congress to delegate to President Wilson wide powers of regulation; and this practice, as illustrated in the selective draft and numerous other acts, became a striking aspect of our war legislation. Yet while more prominent in war, Presidential ordinance making is known to peace. Perhaps the insistence of President Harding upon flexible tariff rates to be changed by the Executive is an indication that the present Administration has learned a lesson from the last.

In 1794 Congress delegated to President Washington the power, within defined time limits, to lay and enforce an embargo at his discretion during the adjournment of that body. It practically said that in its judgment the emergency might, at any moment before it met again, require an embargo, and left it to

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the President to decide whether this would be the case, and if so, what ships the embargo should apply to and what means of enforcement should be adopted. The power here delegated is evidently legislative. In other cases Congress itself creates legal rights and duties, defining them in principle, but leaving to the Executive the function of concretizing, so to speak, the abstract legislative rule. The Executive is morally bound if not legally forced to do this on the basis of the scientific knowledge and practical experience available to it; but even so a degree of discretion or judgment is involved. Such a power may best be described as sub-legislative, a word which I use to indicate the fact that while it does not involve discretion in the premises, it is discretionary, and the resulting details become a part of the complete rule of law. An illustration will make this clear. The Tea Inspection Act of 1897, upheld in Buttfield v. Stranahan, prohibited the importation of "inferior" teas, while it delegated to executive organs the office of fixing the uniform standards by which this inferiority should be determined. The abstract rule was to be translated by the Executive into concrete terms.

To illustrate only one more kind of delegation: Congress may define *in detail* a system of rights and duties, which are to go into effect under certain conditions, the existence of these conditions to be determined by the Executive. When this determination involves merely the finding of an objective fact it cannot be said to be legislative in character—unless any power of final determination becomes, when abused or unwisely used, the discretionary fixing of a portion of a legislative rule. When, however, the process cannot be done by the mere application of objective standards, but really involves subjective valuation, the part played by the Executive is again sub-legislative. Such was the case with the provision of the McKinley Tariff Act of 1890, upheld in Field v. Clark, which, while putting certain articles on the free list, provided that it was the duty of the President, whenever any country from which we imported such articles imposed what he considered "reciprocally unequal and unreasonable" duties on our products, to suspend by proclamation the provision for their free importation from such country; and that thereupon a schedule of duties fixed in the act should go into effect with reference to

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such articles coming from such country. The function of the President was described by the court as the determination of a "fact", but in each case it would be based upon a standard of fairness in the mind of the President. Although that standard would not be formulated as a general rule to be applied in particular cases, and might even vary from case to case, yet the necessity for its determination by the President rendered his action discretionary.

State courts have sometimes declared laws unconstitutional as involving a delegation of legislative power to the executive; but the Supreme Court of the United States has never in its history refused to enforce a law of Congress on that score. It has held regulations of executive officials invalid as exceeding the scope of the delegation; and it has required that an indictment for the violation of an ordinance show plainly that Congress meant to make the violation of such an ordinance a crime or misdemeanor. It has also, as in the leading case of Field v. Clark, stated in no uncertain terms that Congress cannot delegate its legislative power away. Yet it has upheld some wide delegations by simply calling the power granted under them administrative rather than legislative.

In thus refusing to call a spade a spade, the court has attempted to allow the needed flexibility in governmental arrangements without admitting that Congress can devolve its constitutional powers upon the Executive. When it says that the power delegated is administrative it means that while it may, on logical analysis, partake of some of the elements of legislation, it is such a power as in all workable governments must upon occasion be left to the administrative branch. Can it be supposed that the practical men who framed the Constitution meant to carry logic to the absurdity of choking the free operation of government?

There was a reference to the subject in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, where it was agreed that it would be improper to allow Congress to delegate to the President powers "legislative in their nature". The record does not show that there was any opposition to the delegation of powers that were neither legislative nor judicial. In fact, Madison advocated a clause enabling the Chief Executive to carry out such powers when delegated by

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Congress. His motion was voted down, but the only reason given is that it was considered "unnecessary, the object . . . being included in the power to carry into effect the national laws." Madison obviously meant to provide expressly for the delegation of administrative powers. Whether he or others considered that that category included the power to issue regulations within the limits of statutory provisions must be decided by evidence outside his note on the incident.

One bit of such evidence is contained in Number LXXIV of *The Federalist* papers, which mentions in passing that it is "questionable" whether Congress could delegate to the President such a power as that of pardoning if the Constitution vested it in that body. Aside from the somewhat indecisive tone of the writer on the issue involved, this would seem to be an argument against just such delegations as have been made time and time again. But it must be borne in mind that such sources as the records of the Convention and *The Federalist* furnish evidence but not conclusive proof of the intention of the framers of the Constitution and of the people in accepting it. Legal argument is not lacking on the other side of the question. This is found in contemporary construction, as notably in the above-mentioned delegation by Congress to President Washington of the power to lay an embargo. Also significant is the opinion of Chief Justice Marshall which occurs as a *dictum* in Wayman v. Southard, decided in 1825, to the effect that Congress can delegate to another organ the power to "fill up the details".

While the courts are no doubt right in refusing to give too rigid an interpretation to the rule against the delegation of legislative power, yet it must be admitted that the oft-repeated distinction between the delegation of the power to make a law and the making of a law granting the power to determine a "fact" thereunder almost vanishes in cases where there are delegated almost all the elements of discretion, which lead some students of the subject to declare that the principle that *delegatus non potest delegare* is only a political maxim and not a rule of law, except that it renders it illegal for Congress to *transfer* its legislative powers or any of them to another. It is certainly true that under our rigid Constitution the law making body may not authorize

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the executive at his discretion to pass rules and regulations governing any and all aspects of its enumerated powers or any given one of them (such as the power to regulate interstate commerce). Could it allow him to regulate even a particular phase of interstate commerce, such as the railroad problem, or more specifically still, railroad rates? It probably could not grant full power to regulate the whole transportation problem; but it has in fact delegated to the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to fix railroad rates, with only the limitation that they be "reasonable". The scope of the power conferred thus seems to be one test of the legality of a delegation, and very properly so.

But this is not all. Congress must clearly define the subjects and express or imply the ends of the executive regulations; and Congress alone can make the violation thereof a crime or misdemeanor. This latter function is historically so clearly the teeth of legislation that, while the Executive may be given discretion as to the amount of the penalty, he may not be allowed to fix the kind.

Besides these three limitations there are only moral restraints on the action of the Executive in ordinance making, except where the actual abuse of discretion or the issuance of ordinances beyond the scope of the authority delegated allows the courts to declare them invalid in a proper case. As thus interpreted the power is so broad that one hesitates to say that it was contemplated by the framers. Yet the existence of so indefinite a power once being granted, it is sound legal reasoning to hold that the framers would have allowed its use to any reasonable extent demanded by the growing complexity of the problems with which government has to deal. Furthermore, legal arguments against holding unconstitutional delegations under this broad interpretation are to be found in the fact that such interpretation is confirmed by legislative practice from the first administration, and by the establishment under delegations of rights which it would be harmful to disturb.

From the delegation of legislative power to the Executive let us turn to the provisions of the Constitution whence the President derives his constitutional ordinance making power. The fact that "all legislative powers herein granted" are vested in Con-

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gress furnishes a presumption against the possession by the President of any such powers. But where a specific grant is or involves such a function this presumption is over-ridden. To such a special and exceptional subject the separation of powers as a general constitutional principle does not apply. Now the Constitution makes the President commander-in-chief of the army and navy. That this position involves legislative powers may be reasoned in the following manner: By the universal practice of civilized warfare, the conquering state has the right in international law to govern through its armies the territory it holds. Because this international right is by its very nature a necessary feature of the conduct of military operations, it may be assumed, from the point of view of American municipal law, to be a part of the powers of every military commander. Hence it is that the President, as commander-in-chief, as well as his subordinate commanders, has, despite the separation of powers, legislative and other governmental powers over conquered enemy territory in time of war. These subordinate generals are subject to the orders of the President, just as he is subject to the general direction of Congress under its war powers and its power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution . . . all other powers vested by this constitution in . . . any department or officer" of the Federal Government. The powers thus derived the President exercised in the Mexican, Civil, and Spanish wars; and his action in this connection was in most of the cases that arose upheld by the Supreme Court.

The President may also as commander-in-chief issue rules governing the military and naval forces of the nation. This again is not legislation affecting the private citizen, but internal regulation of a special branch of the administration by its constitutional head. Congress has authorized this, though it is hardly to be disputed that the President could issue such regulations on his own authority. No doubt he may also, even without Congressional authorization, under his duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed", issue Executive Orders to his subordinates in the civil administration. For clearly this is the most systematic as well as the most effective method of performing that constitutional duty. Perhaps also the fact that in him is vested

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"the executive power" gives him a certain power of administrative control which is exercisable by regulations or orders. Such orders are illegal, however, when they command interference with private interests which is unauthorized by law or any action which is contrary to the law. As between Executive Order and statute, the heads of departments and all officers of the Government are bound to follow the latter until it has by the courts been declared invalid. Finally, the administrative orders of the President have no sanction attached to them except that in the power of removal, unless Congress sees fit to provide penalties for their violation or processes for their enforcement.

We have spoken only of the ordinance making powers of the President. But not to mention those of administrative commissions acting under authority from Congress, we may note that the heads of departments have delegated though not constitutional powers of this character. More important for present purposes is the fact that where such powers are by the Constitution or statute given to the President, he may carry them out through the proper department, except in certain cases where his personal judgment is required. In all other cases the courts recognize the departmental order as being in the eyes of the law the order of the Chief Executive. Were it not for such devolution we would have to evolve a race of supermen for our Presidents.

JAMES HART.

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A JOURNEY IN RELATIVITY

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

RELATIVITY is in the air. It is so much in the air that it becomes almost stifling at times; but even so, its sphere so far has been the inorganic sciences, and we have heard little of the equally important biological relativity. We have all heard the definition of life as "one damn thing after another": it would perhaps be more accurate to substitute some term such as *relatedness* for *thing*.

We live at a certain rhythm in time. We live at a certain level of size in space. Beyond certain limits, events in the outer world are not directly appreciable by the ordinary channels of sense, although a symbolic picture of them may be presented to us by the intellect. When listening to the organ, sometimes there come notes which are on the border line between sound and feeling: their separate vibrations are distinguishable and pulse through us, and the more the vibrations are separable, the more they are felt as mechanical shocks, the less as sound. However, we know perfectly well that all sounds as a matter of fact depend on vibratory disturbance, and that it is only some peculiarity of the registering machinery, in ear or brain, which enables us to hear a note as continuous. Still more remarkable are the facts of vision. As I write I see the tulips in my garden, red against the green grass: the red is a continouus sensation; but the physicists appear to be justified in telling us that the eye is being bombarded every second with a series of waves, not the few hundred or thousand that give us sound, but the half billion or so which conspire to illuminate our vision. With sound, we alter the frequency of the waves and we get a difference of tone which seems to be merely a difference of more or less: but alter the frequency of light waves, and the whole quality of the sensation changes; as when I look from the tulips to the sky. The change of registering mechanism is here more profound than the change in outer event.

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Or again, to choose an example that depends more on size than rhythm, how very difficult it is to remember that the pressure of air on our bodies is not the uniform gentle embrace of some homogeneous substance, but the bombardment of an infinity of particles. The particles are not even all alike: some are of oxygen, others of nitrogen, of carbonic acid gas, of water vapour. They are not all traveling at uniform speeds; collisions are all the time occurring, and the molecules are continuously changing their rate of travel as they clash and bump.

We have only to look down a microscope to convince ourselves of the alteration in our experience that it would mean if we were to become sufficiently diminished. The tiniest solid particles in fluids can be seen to be in a continuous state of agitation—inexplicable until it was pointed out that this mysterious "Brownian" movement was the inevitable result of collision with the faster-moving molecules of the fluid. Many living things that we can still see are small enough to live permanently in such agitation; the longest diameter of many bacteria is but half a micron (a two-thousandth of a millimetre), and there are many ultra-microscopic organisms which, owing to their closer approximation to molecular dimensions, must pass their lives in erratic excursions many times more violent than any visible Brownian motion.

If we could shrink, like Alice, the rain of particles on our skin, now as unfelt as midges by a rhinoceros, would at last begin to be perceptible. We should see ourselves surrounded by an infinity of motes; titivated by a dance of sand-grains; bruised by a rain of marbles; pounded by flights of tennis-balls. What is more, the smaller we became, the more individuality and apparent free will should we detect in the surrounding particles. As we became still smaller, we should, now and again, find the nearly uniform bombardment replaced by a concerted attack on one side or the other, and we should be hurled for perhaps double our own length in one direction. If we could conceivably enter into a single inorganic molecule, we should find ourselves one of a moving host of similar objects; and we should further perceive that these objects were themselves complex, some like double stars, others star clusters, others single suns, and all again built of lesser units held in a definite plan, in an architecture reminding us (if we still had

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memory) of a solar system *in petto*. If we were lucky enough to be in a complicated fluid like sea water, we should be involved in the relations of the different kinds of particles. They would be continually coming up to other particles of different kinds, and would then sometimes enter into intimate union with them. If we could manage to follow their history, we should find that after a time they would separate, and seek new partners of the same or of different species. Some kinds of the units, or people as we should be inclined to call them, would spend most of their existence in the married state, others would apparently prefer to remain single, and, if they married, would within no long time obtain divorce.

We should be forcibly reminded of life in some cosmopolitan city like London or New York. If there existed a registrar to note down the events of these little beings' existence, and we were privileged to inspect the register, we should find that each had its own history, different from that of every other in its course and its matrimonial adventures.

If we were near the surface we should find that the outer beings always arranged themselves in a special and coherent layer, apparently to protect themselves against the machinations of the different beings inhabiting the region beyond; for every now and again one would seem to be pulled from the water and be lost among the more scattered inhabitants of the air.

If we could now revert to our old size, we might remember, as we listened to the scientist enunciating the simple formulæ of the gas laws, or giving numerical expression to vapour pressures and solubilities, that this simplicity and order which he enabled us to find in inorganic nature was only simplicity when viewed on a large enough scale, and that it was needful to deal in millions and billions before chance aberrations faded into insignificance; needful to experience molecules from the standpoint of a unit almost infinitely bigger before individual behaviour could be neglected and merged in the orderly average. And we might be tempted to wonder how the personal idiosyncrasies of our human units might appear to a being as much larger than we as we are larger than a molecule—whether kings and beggars would not fare alike, and all the separate, striving, feeling, conflicting personalities, with

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their individual histories, their ancestors, successes, marriages, friendships, pains and pleasures, be merged in some homogeneous and simple effect, altering in response to circumstances, with changes capable of expression in some formula as simple as Boyle's or Avogadro's Law.

Almost more startling might be the effect of altering the rhythm at which we live, or rather at which we experience events. If only I were a writer of scientific romances, I could make a mint of money by a story based on this idea of rhythm of living. Let us see. First there would be Mercaptan, the distinguished inventor, who would lead me (lay, uninstructed, Watsonish me, after the fashion of narrators) into his laboratory. There on the table would be the machine—all but complete: handles, coils of wire, quartz terminals, gauges of rock crystals in which oscillated coloured fluids, platinum cogwheels.. dot.. dot.. dot.. dot.. He hardly dared to make the final connections, all clear and calculable though they were. He had put so much of himself into it: so many hopes.. fears.. dots....

Then there would be the farewell dinner party. First, the inventor's voice on the wireless telephone, summoning Wagrom the explorer, Glosh of *The Evening Post*, Stewartson Ampill the novelist, and the rest of our old friends: then the warm friendly light of the candles, the excellent port, the absence of women, the reminiscences, the asterisks, the dots.....

Mercaptan refuses to allow the rest to come into the laboratory, in case something should go wrong. He straps the machine on his shoulders, makes a final connection; his life processes begin to work faster, faster, ever faster. The first effect of course was a change of colour. The blue oblong of the window became green—yellow—orange—red. Meanwhile each wave length of the ultra-violet became blue, and itself ran down the gamut of colour. Then came the turn of the X-rays. By their dim light he groped about, till they too became relatively too slow for his retina. That ought to make him blind, of course—but no! for he came into a state of nearly maximum speed where he perceived a brilliant, phosphorescent light given out by all objects, generated by disturbances of a wave length unimaginably, undiscoverably small. Meanwhile he had passed through an amazing experience

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—he had heard the veritable music of the spheres! That had happened when in his acceleration he had, so to speak, caught up with the light waves until they were tuned to his ear's organ of Courti: and all that had been visible in his ordinary life was now to be appreciated by hearing. Unfortunately, as his ears possessed no lens, this universal music was to him of course merely a hideous babel of sound.

At last, as the workings of his body approached the rapidity of light's own oscillations, he entered on a new phase; surrounded on every side by an ocean of waves which lapped softly against his body—waves, waves, and still more waves. . . .

He was in that region not unlike that from which life had escaped when it ceased to be infinitely little, a region in which none of the events that make up our ordinary life, none of the bodies that are our normal environment, have existence any more—all reduced to a chaos of billows, ceaselessly and meaninglessly buffeting his being.

Mi ritrovai
in una selva oscura.

Life is a wood, dark and trackless enough to be sure; but Mercatpan could not even see that it was a wood, for the trees. Yet it was soothing: the very meaninglessness of the wave-rocking released one of responsibility, and it was delicious to float upon this strange etheric sea. Then his scientific mind reasserted itself. He realized that he had magnified his rate of life and was consuming his precious days at an appalling speed. The lever was thrown into reverse, and he passed gradually back to what he had been accustomed to think as reality.

Back to it; and then beyond it. This time he was able to eliminate much of the disturbing effect of his rhythm change on light by an ingenious arrangement. It was an idea of which he was very proud: every alternate light wave was cut out when he doubled the capacity of each process of life, and so on in automatic correspondence. As a result he was enabled to get a picture of the outer world very similar to that obtained in the ordinary accelerations of slow processes that are made possible by running slow taken cinema records at high speed. He saw the snowdrops lift their matutinal heads and drop them again at

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evening—an instant later; the spring was an alarming burst of living energy, the trees' budding and growth of leaves became a portent, like the bristling of hairs on the backs of vegetable cats. As his rate changed and he comprehended more and more in each pulse, the flowers faded and fell before he could think of plucking them, autumnal apples rotted in his grasp, day was a flash and night a wink of the eye, the two blending at last in a continuous half light.

After a time ordinary objects ceased to be distinguishable; then the seasons shared the fate of day and night. The lever was now nearly hard over, and the machine was reaching its limit. He was covering nearly a thousand of men's years with each of his own seconds.

The cinema effect was almost useless to him now; and he discarded this apparatus. Now followed what he had so eagerly awaited, something deducible in general but unpredictable in all particulars. As the required separate impacts of the ether waves had condensed, at his old, ordinary rate, to form the continuous sensation of light, so now the events of nature coalesced to give new objects, new kinds of sensation. Especially was this so with life: the repeated generations seemed to act like separate repeated waves of light, blending to give a picture of the species changing and evolving before his eyes.

Other experiences he could explain less well. He was conscious of strange sensations that he thought were probably associated with changes in energy distribution, in entropy; others which he seemed to perceive directly, by some form of telepathy, concerning the type of mental process occurring around him. It was all strange: but of one thing he was sure, that if only he could find a way of nourishing and maintaining himself in this new state, he would be able, as a child does in the first few years of life, to correlate his puzzling new sensations, and that when he had done this he would obtain a different and more direct view of reality than any he had ever obtained or thought of obtaining before.

As the individual light waves were summed to give light, as the microcosm of gas molecules was cancelled out to give a uniformity of pressure, so now the repetition of the years coalesced into what could be described as visible time, a sensation of cosmic rate; the

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repeated pullulations of living things fused into something perceived as organic achievement: and the infinite variety of organisms, their conflicts and interactions, resolved itself, through the mediation of his sense organs and brain at their new rhythm, into a direct perception of life as a whole, an entity with a pressure on its environment, a single slowly evolving form, a motion and direction.

He put the lever to its limit: the rhythm of the cosmos altered again in relation to his own. He had an extraordinary sense of being on the verge of a revelation. The universe—that was the same; but what he experienced of it was totally different. He had immediate experience of the waxing and waning of suns, of the condensation of nebulæ, the slowing down and speeding up of evolutionary processes.

The curious, apparently telepathic sense which he had had of the mental side of existence was intensified. Through it, the world began to be perceived as a single Being, with all its parts in interaction. The shadowy lineaments of this Being were half seen by his mental vision—vast, colossal, slowly changing; but they appeared only to disappear again, like a picture in the fire. Strive as he might, he could not see the real likeness of this Being. Now it appeared benign; at its next dim reappearance there would be a feeling of capricious irresponsibility about it: at another instant it was cold, remote; once or twice terrible, impending over and filling everything with a black, demoniacal power which brought only horror with it. If he could but accelerate the machine! He wanted to *know*—to know whether this phantom was a reality, to know above all if it was a thing of evil or of good: and he could not know unless he could advance that last final step necessary to fuse the rhythm of separate events into the sensation of the single whole.

He sat straining all his faculties: the machine whirred and rocked: but in vain. And at last, feeling desperately hungry, for he had forgotten to take food with him, he gradually brought back the lever to its neutral-point.

And then there would have to be an ending. I think the newspaper man would take his opportunity to slink off into the

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laboratory and get on the machine with the idea of making a scoop for his paper; and then he would put the lever in too violently, and be thrown backwards. His head hit the corner of a bench, and he remained stunned; but by evil chance, the handles of the machine still made connection with his body after the fall. The machine was making him adjust his rhythm to that of light; so that he was living at an appalling rate. He had gone into the laboratory late at night. Next morning they found him—dead: and dead of senile decay—grey haired, shriveled, atrophic.

I have spent so much time in frivolous discussion of rhythm and size and commonplaces that I have not pointed out another fundamental fact of biological relativity—to wit, that we are but parochial creatures endowed only with sense organs giving information about the agencies normally found in our little environment. Out of all the ether waves we are sensitive to an octave as light, and some few others as heat, X-rays and ultra-violet destroy us, but we know nothing about them until they begin to give us pain; while the low swell of Hertizan waves passes by and through us harmless and unheeded. Electrical sense, again, we have none.

Imagine what it would be for inhabitants of another planet, where changes in Hertzian waves were the central, pivoted changes in environment, where accordingly life had become sensitive to "wireless" and to nought else save perhaps touch—imagine such beings broadcast upon the face of the Earth. With a little practice and ingenuity they would no doubt be able to decipher the messages floating through our atmoshpere, would feel the rhythms of the Black Hamitic Band transmitting Jazz to a million homes, and be able to follow, night by night, the soporific but benevolent fairy stories of Uncle Archibald. I wonder what they would make of it all. They would at intervals, of course, be bumping into things and people. But would touch and radio sense alone make our world intelligible? When we begin trying to quit our anthropocentry and discover what the world might be like if only we had other organs of body and mind for its assaying, we must flounder and bump in a not dissimilar fashion.

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Even the few senses that we do possess are determined by our environment. Sweet things are pleasant to us: sugar is sweet: so is "sugar of lead"—lead acetate: sugar is nutritious, lead acetate a poison. The biologist will conclude, and with perfect reason, that if sugar was as rare as lead acetate in nature, lead acetate as common as sugar, we should then abominate and reject sweet things as emphatically as we now do filth or acids or over-hot liquids.

But I must pause, and find a moral for my tale; for all will agree that a moral has been so long out of fashion that it is now fast becoming fashionable again.

Every schoolboy, as Macaulay would say, knows William of Occam's Razor—that philosophical tool of admirable properties: *Entia non multiplicanda propter necessitatem.* We want another razor—a Relativist Razor; and with that we will carry out barbering operations worthy of another Shaving of Shagpat: we will shave the Absolute. The hoary Absolute, enormous and venerable, grey bearded and grey locked—he sits enthroned, wielding tremendous power, filling young minds with fear and awe. Up, barbers, and at him! Heat the water of your enthusiasm! Lather those disguising appurtenances. See the tufts collapse into the white foam, feel the hairy jungles melt away before your steel! And at the end, when the last hair falls, you will wipe away the lather, and look upon that face and see—ah, what indeed?

I will not be so banal as to attempt to describe that sight in detail. You will have seen it already in your mind's eye: "Or else" (to quote Mr. Belloc) "Or else you will not; I cannot be positive which." If not, you never will; if so, what need to waste more of the compositor's time? But of him who forges that razor, who arms those barbers, who gives them courage for their colossal task, of him shall a new Lucretius sing.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY.

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SPRING FLOWERS BY THE MADELEINE

BY S. L. M. BARLOW

I went to buy Spring flowers
By the Madeleine,
And in the market-place
I thought, "God hides his face;
But we have sun and rain
And wind and April showers
As before the war."

The woman on her stool behind the rows
Of pots stuffed full of lilac blooms
Had seen,—and let the bargaining go by,—
Too many flowers bought to strew the battle tombs;
So she had changed, as I,
God knows,
Have changed. I thought, "There are
As many flowers as before the war."

And then the sanguine heart of some first rose,
Some drop of red,
Showed me a field of poppies lying dead
And corn-flowers and golden grain
And forest ferns. When Spring comes once again
They will not wake and stir the loose earth-crust,—
Nor these dead forms that with them buried lie,—
But every Season find them so much dust
And leave them so.
O bitterness, to know
That you, who lie so scattered, crushed and torn
In your first dewy hours,
Could have been crushed in an embrace,
Could have been worn —
O men and flowers!

I left the market-place,
Not heeding where I stepped.
I thought, "There are
As many flowers as before the war,"
And wept.

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TWO GARDENS

BY MARY SINTON LEITCH

I have a secret garden full of flowers,
Night-blooming cereus, and magnolia trees,
Poinsettias and, richlier red than these,
Dark lilies gracilent
Above a languorous stream;—
Thither I go to dream
In fragrant shade through many sad and solitary hours.

Long, long ago you laid upon the gate
That I had barred a shy, beseeching hand.
I did not move who could not understand,
And so you turned—and went!
Beneath an indifferent moon
You passed—about you strewn
Were petals of a passion-flower tossed on some wind of fate.

And now I find a garden of your own,
All sweet with violets, morning-glories, phlox,
And heliotrope, and quaint with hollyhocks.
I know you have not meant
To shut the gate . . . the breeze
Has closed it . . . all your trees
Are swaying . . . ah, the gate is barred! I am outside alone!

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THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN FRENCHWOMAN[1]

BY DOROTHY MARTIN

Amorous soule, ambitious soule, covetous soule, voluptuous soule, what wouldest thou have in heaven? What doth thy holy amorousnesse, thy holy covetousnesse, thy holy ambition, and voluptuousnesse most carry thy desire upon? . . .

All our life is a continuall burden, yet we must not groan; A continuall squeasing, yet we must not pant.

Donne's Sermons.

THE premature death of Marie Lenéru, the French playwright, in September, 1918, closed a life in which passionate longing and passionate despair had been essential elements. Not that she had paraded her sufferings. Rather in her distaste for heroics and petty grumblings she had striven to keep silence in a measure hardly compatible with her own mental comfort. She had desired before everything else a life tense with thought and emotional experience—"to have read every book, smelt every flower, caressed every animal, lived among every race, to have tasted all the joys and all the sorrows, known all admirations and all clear thoughts, to be in death only an outer peel which drops, drained and twisted, from the hand of the master"— and an unhappy destiny had for her made that ambition even less than usually attainable.

Les Affranchis, which was produced by M. Antoine at the Paris Odéon in 1913, is the first and the best known of her plays. Like the rest, it is a drama of ideas and is full of the sense of power and will-bent thought which she herself gives. In it she dramatized her belief that where thought is most vital there also is passion strongest. All great emotions, she declares, spring from the brain: "I have such an adoration of intellect because I have discovered, against established prejudice, how much it adds to the affections." Philippe Alquier, the hero of *Les Affranchis*, is a philosopher of

[1] *Le Journal de Marie Lenéru.*

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destructive views and undoubted sincerity, intellectual, abstract; he is also a man capable of deep emotion. His wife, Martha, interests herself admirably in everything, home, society, relatives, children, all except one thing which she neglects, his intellectual life and interests. When Hélène Schomberger, who is on the point of completing her cloistral vows, arrives with Martha's sister, the Abbess, it is she who fills the intellectual gap. Philippe and read together, study together, walk together. When Martha protests, Philippe brings himself to face the situation, which before he has shelved. Hélène pleads that it is not necessary for her to leave, cannot they go on as before? Has he any right to commence her transformation and then leave the work unfulfilled? They study secretly at night. Martha finds them. Her great grief is that Hélène fills just the one place where she has been wanting. If they had sinned vulgarly, she could have found it easier to forgive—but there is nothing on which she can seize. And yet she knows their love—and they do not deny. She sends the Abbess to Hélène. Philippe leaves them together. Former discipline answering an inner need for renunciation and self immolation, together with suspicion of all earthly happiness, especially when it is gained at the price of another's, win the day. Hélène resolves to complete her vows. Marie Lenéru declares that Hélène and Philippe are not Nietzschean—she says that what they have of his doctrine is also earlier than he. It is the "Be ye creatures of desire" of St. Theresa. They are ascetics, and for that reason passionate souls: they have the lively intellect and deep emotion which, she maintains, are only two different aspects of a unity.

In the journal, recently published in book form for the first time, the temperament which has put much of the essence of its own conflicts into the character of Hélène is revealed *in extenso*. Marie Lenéru was born in Brest in 1845. On her father's side the family had long been connected with the navy; he himself was a naval officer. Marie seems to have been a merry child, beloved of all who knew her. Her early diary, commenced when she was eleven, although it reveals much of her happy childhood, gives many most significant indications of the woman that is to be in its deep preoccupation with questions of conscience, of duty to

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God, one's neighbour and oneself. In it she discusses her sins and among them her propensity to lie, which she defends on the artistic grounds of the added interest it gives to her stories—forewarning of the dramatist as well as of the moralist to come! At thirteen, after an attack of measles, she is threatened with the loss of her hearing. The diary becomes irregular and finally ceases at the age of fifteen. After that follow her black years, when hearing finally leaves her and her sight is also threatened. The diary is recommenced in 1893, when she is eighteen; the child has gone and the woman, apprenticed to life by three years of silence and suffering, appears. It is curious that this diary was published at the moment when for the first time Barbellion's *Journal of a Disappointed Man* was formally introduced to the French public by an article in *La Revue de Paris;*[1] for in some ways the two diarists are much alike, physically in their bodily disabilities and sufferings, temperamentally in their ambition and belief in their own destiny, intellectually in a mutual passion for probing life, he in all its length and breadth, she rather in its profundity. But there are deep abysses between them and in many ways they seem to inhabit different worlds, so that sometimes it is hard to believe that both belong to the twentieth century and that both, though not always in the same way, are typical of it. Out of the "disordered miscellany" of the mind of an "incurable dilettante" Barbellion has produced a work of art of passionate intensity which not only embodies the spirit of his time but seems to foreshadow that of the future; out of the "conscious and avowed will to fame" of a "passionate ascetic" Marie Lenéru has brought forth a work uneven, faulty, obscure in places, but with an extraordinary power revealed in the depths of its gloom, in its gleams of piercing penetration, in the unrelieved seriousness with which it confronts life and death.

In the first instance Barbellion and Marie Lenéru approach journal writing from an entirely different standpoint. On Barbellion it was enforced in childhood by his love of nature and the inward compulsion to note down all he saw and heard in the wonderful outdoor world to which he was already as a boy devoted; on Marie Lenéru it was enforced by the hand of discipline, for she

[1] *Le Journal d'un Désabusé.* Joseph Aynard.

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was sent to write by her mother, often sorely against her will. Her later diary is commenced as an outlet for extreme mental depression. Into it she endeavors to put all the inward suffering and misery which come to her with her deafness and her endangered sight, her physical "cataclysm". She pours out her despair at the waste of her youth and attractiveness and gaiety, and her passionate regret that her talents are being checked and thwarted. Then she begins to see another side to this "ordeal" which has been forced on her and she becomes grateful to it for driving her into herself and thus developing habits of thought, of reading, of writing, which she might not otherwise have acquired. Writing soon becomes in her mind an instrument of revenge; by it she will retaliate on fate, vindicating her personal value and compensating for her sufferings by literary fame. To fit herself for this task she spends years in reading and contemplation, giving time and energy ungrudgingly; but ever, in moments of discouragement when the way seems too long and the end too uncertain, she turns to her diary. Possibly she relies on it as well as on her other writings to bring her the recognition she seeks, for she says "I will not try to get this published, but I do want it to be publishable."

The journal is not her whole self revealed, but her cry of pain at physical affliction, mental depression, unsatisfied ambition. Other things are for the most part excluded; her gaiety and wit can scarcely be guessed from it, and all the miscellany of life, blunted for her by deafness and eyes which must wear blue glasses, enters into it hardly at all, and then only when she wills it, never crowding in spontaneous, unasked, to fill the pages. The things she wishes to suppress, her sorrows and sufferings, mental and physical, are those which drive her to her diary as confidant. The rest of life is comparatively simple and straightforward to her and finds daily expression through the natural channels of friendship and the staunch, unassailable intimacy of French family life. She has not, one gathers, hosts of repressions to fight, crowds of inhibitions to overcome, like Barbellion, before he can deliver over even an infinitesimal part of himself to public scrutiny. If we are to believe the evidence of the journals, Marie Lenéru's is the outcome of pride and courage which prevent her from showing a

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certain part of herself, and Barbellion's is the outcome of pride and timidity which prevent him from showing as a rule any part of himself except the "artificially constructed puppet" to the world. Both led a double existence. Through the medium of a diary she is completed, while he is revealed. In Marie Lenéru's case, her hidden life was a surprise to those who knew her best, in Barbellion's it surprised the world. In her the submerged area was never apparent; in him the submerged area, so much larger, was apparent to a chosen few. Both set great store on their journals as testimonies to the strength and passion of this submerged life in them.

In the analyses of her own character and shortcomings which she commences to make at an early age, Marie Lenéru quickly discovers among her more serious faults great pride, coupled with a fundamental belief that she is better than most of the people she knows and all the people she does not know. She makes this discovery first at the age of fourteen; at eighteen she writes, "I suffer because I lead a life unworthy of me." Possibly she would have grown out of the egotistical pride common to adolescence, had not physical suffering driven her at this time in upon herself and it. Certainly her literary ambition is largely a makeshift for a personal pride which would ordinarily have distributed itself among the more usual channels, and this explains why she is often a traitor to it. To write does not seem to be the mode of expression most natural to her temperament, nor does she ever seem to have experienced the joy of the artist in literary creation. Often her desire swings back to cloistered seclusion, the dream of her girlhood; "I see for myself only two futures, a stall in the choir of a Benedictine abbey, or one of these great talents which bring the right of equality in any society. A *pis-aller* this! But it is not easy to make a change of front and then find the equivalent for great piety." And in this mood she returns to the faith from which she has broken away, cultivating anew her old enthusiasms for St. Theresa, St. Augustine, Lacordaire. To the remnants of her old faith she clings with great tenacity, but in her mind she knows the foundations are sapped and she is forced to acknowledge, "I do not know up to what point I am a Christian. I pray without hope, I wait in vain without disappoint-

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ment. Mixture of skepticism and religious forms! Indifference, perhaps?" At another time the woman asserts herself. "Fame does not enhance a woman and I do not wish the woman in me to be sacrificed."

She never ceases to be interested in and anxious about her appearance. Bad sight she deplores as a double infliction, for it has made her beautiful dark eyes dim and stolen their animation. She loves her own hands, well shaped, slender, expressive. She enjoys the experience of being dressed for a friend's wedding by a "*grande couturière*" and drinks in the excited admiration of her friends' "Oh, Marie, Marie!" She likes to surround herself with mirrors, partly to multiply the light, but also so that she may scrutinize, as Whitman did, the mystery of her own face. To her the face is an index of all within, and in it she strives to read character, mind, emotions. The reverse idea also compels her and she writes: "Many habits and traits of character would be different if we could have seen in the glass another gaze, another nose." In whatever the world knows of her she wishes to appear without gaucherie, certain of herself, with each gesture conscious and assured, be it physical or literary.

She is haunted as Barbellion was, by the thought of the passage of time and the approach of death. The years as they glide by, increasing her age, shock her. "I continually have the sensation of a person behind time, whom the hour spurs on, who, in order to have a little mental peace, has only one expedient, to walk straight to his rendezvous." Her later diary gives the impression that every moment is devoted to some part in the scheme of her purpose, that she has not time to savour life, or taste the beauty of nature or even the strangeness of her own being, save with an object, save as a thing which will aid her to her "rendezvous"! The genius of her race works in her, the genius of selection and elimination, the genius that is never quite lost in rapture, that is never quite drowned in despair, whose wings of imagination never lose the sense that they are wings, which is always "notebook in hand", always conscious of itself, always ready to apply the test of reason.

When Marie Lenéru declares herself to be insatiable in her love of life and her wish to experience all, she does not contemplate a

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wild plunge into the innumerable aspects of life in which Barbellion was capable of interesting himself, but rather a concentrated study of the more limited area of *la nature raisonnable*. Above everything else the mind in its attempt to grapple with and master the deep problems of human destiny fascinates her. She is no dilettante, but a steadfast searcher after the perfecting of her own life, and for this purpose she studies the lives of others in so far as they realize the ideals she strives for, intellectual clarity and a fastidious morality. She cultivates the instinct which leads her to the people and books she can admire, and from these she demands nothing short of perfection; the gesture of a friend or a flaw in a book may turn her aside with a feeling of disgust. She has her measure and applies it to everything and what does not coincide with the proportions she demands is ruled out.

Art to her is almost entirely subjective; even from the point of view of literary material, she sets small store on real experience, holding that to the artist any life, however rich, is never satisfying, so that he is driven to find compensation in the realms of creative imagination for all that he longs for and that life is to niggardly, too short, to give. "A human life, whatever you may make of it, an actual material life, is too slight a thing to feed a talent. If real experience is indispensable to you, abandon hope! Memory is the Procrustean bed of all invention. For myself, to see is to invent; without this the vision of a man of genius would in no way surpass that of another."

Release into the world of the imagination does not, however, seem to have brought Marie Lenéru even the short-lived happiness which usually attends creative activity. Possibly she presses her gifts too hard, and does not allow herself sufficiently frequent descents into actual humdrum everyday concerns. Often she tires of her self-imposed task, feeling that it brings her not a fuller life as she had hoped, but an artificial one. "There are days when ink and books, all these deceptive semblances of life, seem to me a more hateful idol, emptier and certainly falser than money." Thus cut off from action, from participation in simple human interests, she develops a feeling of unrest, of discontent; a sense of intolerable repression.

The journal does not reveal that Marie Lenéru was ever in

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love. At twenty-four she declares her formula of happiness to be Italy, music, horse-riding and love. "About the last point I still hesitate, and if I put it down, it is by virtue of the axiom 'when in doubt, do not refrain'. But it must certainly remain in the fourth place." Possibly the great difficulty she had in translating her egocentric feelings into affection for others is closely related to the fact that her deafness came on at the age of fifteen, thus tending to check the natural development of her emotional nature and keep it at the self-centered stage it had then reached. There is no doubt that at that time she felt her physical affliction with cruel intensity, for the memory never leaves her in after life of the terrible transition from her merry sociable childhood with its high hopes and fervent anticipation of joys to come, to her girlhood marred by suffering and mental anguish. It was during this period, from which she had hoped so much, that she had to learn to live in continual silence, cut off from the voices, the music, the sound of wind and sea, that she had loved. The blow stunned her and the process of adaptation to the new conditions imposed on her absorbed three years of her life, of which little record is left. The later diary reveals the extent of the actual change and shows how the whole trend of her life has been driven into intellectual channels at the expense of emotional ones. Beyond the affections formed in childhood and guarded passionately by her through later years as witnesses and remembrances of happier days, she allows herself little emotional outlet. As the key to many of her desires, travel, power, acknowledgment, intellectual friendship, a literary salon in Paris, she longs for money, and is more attracted by the idea of a marriage for money than a marriage for love, of which she is sceptical. Only after the recognition of her work and the production of *Les Affranchis* in 1913 does she begin to form the intellectual attachments and find the sympathy and admiration which she deems worthy of her.

Thus she appears until August, 1914. With the War, she undergoes a great change. What growth and development, youth and womanhood, have failed to do, the War achieves; henceforth her thoughts are turned no longer inwards, but rush out to question and understand and estimate the world catastrophe. In his pref-

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ace to the *Journal*, François de Curel says: "The *Journal* now loses much of its interest, for it is not to find general considerations on the atrocities of the War, which, moreover, no one dreams of contesting, that one searches its pages." Yet the effect of war on Marie Lenéru is at least as striking as the effect of love plus the War on Barbellion and is surely not without interest. It develops her character and brings her to a fuller maturity than she has hitherto known. Nor are the "general considerations on the atrocities" mere platitudes, but the result of hard thought and intense feeling. Here more than anywhere else in the *Journal* are thought and feeling closely knit. And some of her propositions might appear to many people highly contestable, for Marie Lenéru is a convinced pacifist and rallies quickly to the side of the few French pacifists who, although they preached their doctrines during the War, knew well that the time jealously to guard and foster pacifism is not during war but always and especially in peace. She works hard explaining and defending her views:

> Pacifism has never meant disarming before the aggressor, that would be suicide, but disarming the aggressor. As for talking about human passion in a war like this, it is a veritable betrayal of heroism. Where is the human passion in this voluntary martyrdom of nations? War for reasons of state serves no human passion, it serves a false idea. That is why, on the day when the pacifists come back from the battlefield—if they come back—we shall need, besides military effort, always necessary but not sufficient (this war has proved that to Germany), we shall need all their devotion and their efforts for peace, if our victory is not to be annulled by the war which may follow in fifty years.

The personal effect of the War on Marie Lenéru is to cure her of many of her disdains, to bring her down into the arena where she mingles with other's suffering and forgets her own, where she puts aside her dislike of unorthodoxy and rebellion and fights with all her intellect against the stupidity of war. She mistrusts congresses and associations and believes rather in a huge campaign to capture public opinion, in which the daily press, journals, books, drama should all be enrolled. She is terribly disappointed in the attitude of her fellow writers:

> That the horrible thing must go on, I can believe, for I understand the implacable necessity and I come of military stock, but that intellects, hearts, and wills

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do not react in a passionate attempt to save the future, that they do not rise up against this absurdity, this is perhaps the thing which has most of all enlightened me on human inertia.

The exploitation in literature of the heroism which she admires so much is anathema to her, and the eloquence and emotional elegiacs of armchair critics fan the flame of her indignation. "It is no more among peoples than among armies that we should oppose wars, it is among the non-combatants, writers, diplomatists, politicians, financiers. . . . I will no longer fear war on the day when there are no more non-combatants to make it." While thus on the one hand she revolts against the easy acceptance of war, the lack of will to protest, the æsthetic exploitation of suffering and death, on the other hand she gives all her sympathy to the men on the field; her admiration for their heroism is unbounded, her longing to help is full of the self-immolation of her younger days. Held back by physical disabilities from personal service, she devotes all the more passionately her pen to their service and dedicates to them—

my greatest effort, my greatest work, a piece of which I know nothing yet, except that it may be called *La Paix* and that I progress towards it, preparing myself religiously as for a vocation, for I want it to have effect—it is not as an artist that I exploit this catastrophe. . . . Since I have been cheated out of doing my work as a woman among your agonies, I will strive so that in future you may not be massacred.

The work to which she here refers and which was recently published was destined to be her last, for she died of influenza in September, 1918, and thus never saw the attempted "guarantees of peace" of which she was so skeptical.

The journal of Marie Lenéru is of quite exceptional interest both for its value as a human document which reveals unusual depths of physical and mental suffering, and for its form, especially for its many short phrases of pregnant thought and puissant expression. It is curious, too, as a manifestation of twentieth century thought in France, although in many ways it is not typical. The classical tradition is strong in it, the roots of thought in the past are clear and obvious. But side by side with a love of harmony and balance, a supreme respect for the reason, there are the elements of fanaticism. The whole trend of Marie Lenéru's being

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impels her towards the sacrifice of self in some great devotion which will use up mind, heart and person. At one time she longs for the vigour and silence of the cloister, the spirit of a St. Theresa, the self-prostration of a Pascal; then the world surges in with its unrest, its changefulness, its questioning skeptical spirit, its intense respect for life. Its claims are in the end the stronger, and the longing for self-immolation gives place to an ardent desire for self-realization. But when the question arises which part of herself she is to cultivate—the woman or the artist, present enjoyment or future fame—she chooses once more the harder path; the woman cedes her place to the author, and henceforth Marie Lenéru accepts the asceticisms of the conscientious artist.

DOROTHY MARTIN.

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IFFLEY THE UNSPOILED

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE only proper way into the Village Unspoiled is along the Thames, through the meadows that Arnold's Scholar Gypsy loved, past fishermen who fish for the joy of the thing and not for fish, who might serve as models for "patience on a monument" save for noses that are perpetually red. One has the consolation of goodly English precedent behind the claw-like hand that reaches forth from the tiny toll house to take the halfpenny which is the price of entering Iffley the ideal way; Roman *denarii*, together with Saxon coins, have been found on the river bottom beneath the bridge. Hard by the toll house are the broken paddles of the mossy waterwheel, and an idle millstone, of the mill that had ground a century of grists in Chaucer's time and that ground on down to a decade ago when fire took it.

Up a cobbled hill and under lime trees the lane winds to a gate beneath a chestnut tree; one is in the heart of England. Here is one of the hundred churchyards within footing distance of Oxford where one may live Gray's *Elegy*. Iffley Church is Norman and is as old as the singing monks sailing by, down stream to Abingdon. The lichens and the love of eight hundred years are in its walls rising from the green benediction of graves. It must be easy and pleasant to sleep here, with the earliest snowdrops starring the turf, and roses at the floodtide of the year. With its half effaced, zigzag bordered arches set with beaks of queer birds from mediæval bestiaries, which bite and vex their own wings to prove their ancient lineage, the church is as lovely as it is old. The wide tower and round topped windows are full of the naïve frankness of folk who have found the holiness of simplicity. Inside the sunlight carpets the floor with the same patterns that made beautiful the feet which rest these centuries under the green outside. All the honest and humble prayers of the devout of many years seem to sweeten the plain white walls. One thinks of the

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long sunbeams of many children's hair reaching back from today at the ancient carven font into the yesterdays. Here are holy things time cannot touch, the truce of God, faith in gold and gray, precepts of happiness, precepts of peace.

Just beyond the wall of the churchyard is the rectory, a refectory of monks in other days. It bears its seven centuries felicitously on eaves hung green with moss and tiles of kindly gray. There is no better place to read the Church Fathers than the rector's oaken panelled study, with bees making the afternoon golden about the pleached pear trees outside and blue English skies that mind of forget-me-nots through leaded casements opened wide. Chrysostom and the sunlight of summer, Ambrose and the scent of honey. Men with gold and honey in their names are at home here; and the windows open on a place very like the New Jerusalem. Indeed, below is the great drawing room with a gold and blue motto for a border promising

manibus non factam domum
Sempiternam in cœlis.

And there is the rector's wife, whose dearly cherished Infant Dionysius of too white marble cannot destroy the atmosphere of ages, pouring the rectory dog his milk and saying over tea things the happy things a rector's wife finds to say. And Audrey, the sporting daughter of the house, the ruddiness of October beagle hunts on her face, is tapping the panels to show you where the secret passage is and perhaps dislodging a pet Dresden shepherdess in her enthusiasm. Winding passages, mysterious stairs down which a friar may walk, and the rector with his puns to take you back with him through the years of his house. But outside in the rectory gardens is the heart of England. The sanctity of an enclosure had never so sweet a demonstration. There are peach trees standing English fashion, to get the ripening heat of the stone, like candelabra against walls; Virginia creeper, to tell the passing of the year in red; ivy, to keep the year immortally green; and beyond the antique sundial seven terraces go down with urns and rose arbors to the swallow-haunted Thames. Best of all, there is a cosy quiet, sounds of village dogs and boys faint and musical beyond high walls, tea and talk, talk and tea, and the

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day's shadows growing longer on the grass. If a man is ever going to be a poet, it is in such a place.

But one cannot play the hermit forever. Outside, above the rectory, the hill rises where Hawthorne, come three thousand miles to love Oxford, found his view of the city that turns white with all her towers in the sunshine. Beyond hedges of white-thorn on this hill, in a place I know but will not tell you of, for fear the Iffley boys would find it, are glades yellow with February primroses, and May comes there with miles of bluebells until they look like smoke under the trees. But you shall turn instead into the long village street by Postmistress Blay's little cottage. Mistress Blay is keeper of the mails and the lone telephone that thrusts but this one finger of a rushing age into this quiet place; the watchful gods of Iffley have palsied this one digit, for it is better to trust in leather soles than in this telephone perpetually out of order. The postmistress could put old-fashioned New England housewives to shame; her arms, *argent;* a scrubbing brush, *or*, rampant; and of chevrons, *sable*, none at all. One could eat off her hearthstones. I honestly believe she scrubs the stamps.

Perhaps, across the street little girls in pinafores and martyred hair and boys with apple cheeks, smooched Eton collars, and sturdy bare knees will be filing into the schoolhouse by their separate doors. Under the thatch of the schoolhouse there is more than numbers and knitting for the boys, numbers and plain sewing for the girls. There are dishes for school teas, a floor for dancing and games. May Day sets forth in fine style from this base, attendants bearing flower wreaths before the May King and Queen who have all the morning on their faces, or at least as much of it as soap can put there.

Nearby the milkman lives in the past, though trafficking in the present. His stoop has the sea shell which hides the key just as in New England villages; on the shrine of his parlor table rest his Sunday-go-to-meeting hat and his prayerbook wrapped in a spotless handkerchief. His deliveryman, an ungainly boy in teens, who brings you the buttercups and marigolds of Iffley meadows mistakenly called cream, is a poor Hermes to this Zeus. In the village phrase he is "eleven pence, three farthings", which means

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in our speech "not all there". He leaves the filled crock just where you will upset it when you open the garden gate. If you chide him, he will fill your measure without emptying the rain-water out. But the milkman is greater than his servant, and lives in his clouds.

In the midst of houses of "county" families, a thatched cottage overgrown with roses and smelling to the skies of sweet lavender is most delightful of all. Bees make the golden and chocolate thatching their hive; window geraniums grow best there. And there is the plumpest and rosiest of boy babies to make the day complete with his play among the dainty daisies on the lawn . . . a place of things that matter in this world.

The houses of village "quality" are pleasant places, too. The Malt House was once a real malt house; in the days when good things to eat and drink, food for holy songs, were still under the wings of the Church, shaven tonsures bent over the mash to watch it change into the ale of beatitude. Stone figures in mitre and sanctified attitudes are dug up among today's brussels sprouts. One wishes to dig in the bed of violas for relics. River-mead is Elizabethan and rambling, with carven griffins on the doors, rooms that run over into the gardens, and gardens that invade the rooms. And the river alone to keep the gardens from going straight on to the City Delectable. Here a bishop enjoys his valedictory days, after the clouds and mists of Newfoundland. Death can come sweetly to him here; when ears fail, there are roses, and when eyes, the smell of them and the feel of their petals. In the "fourth gentleman's house on the left", as its delightful occupant describes it, the Victorian Age is entrenched. You find scrapbooks and watercolors of Sicilian ruins of the bold wash school affected by all young ladies of yesterday. The chairs wear plush and are stuffed; carved grapes crop out where least expected; inevitably there is that chair that reproduces a scallop of the sea. Doilies are thick as cobwebs on morning grass. The politeness that meant life itself forty years ago becomes the lady of this house exceedingly. Even Billy, her terrier, barks lower than dogs of an un-Victorian school.

The Tree Inn, a rallying place for villagers, has gardens where tables spread under chestnut boughs at which on Sunday splendid

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workingmen wet their thick moustaches in their ale, while their wives strive to sort their offspring out of masses of struggling boyhood. The Institute, the village clubhouse, need not overawe one with its name; it is only a small cottage done over. But it is a perfect memorial to the men in the late War who have gone Westward forever to a place sweeter even than Iffley. Here their memory keeps green, not in a cold shaft, but in a house where home folks can play the games they loved to play and read the books they left unread. Whist drives bring the Colonel and the postmistress together to clash with Lady John and the village butcher; the tennis court the rector's daughter and the toffee girl from the village store.

If one is seeking contentment in this life, one would do well to lift the latch of Donnington Cottage at the sign of Teas Provided. If there is balm in Gilead, this is Gilead. If the fallible human be the essence of art, here is a masterpiece. The tiles are crooked, the gables go up, the roof sags down, peeling mortar shows timbering of Shakespeare's day, cracks creep down the walls, casemented windows droop under climbing roses, moss caravans along the drains, the chimney pots lean over. Nasturtiums choke the doorway; the garden has run wild with unbridled japonica. Inside is a kitten, sedate as one of the Pharaohs, and a copper kettle with a song quite its own. Old plates catch the glow of seacoal fire. Each cosy thing goes straight home to the heart. Upstairs in a room with windows full of dewy stars there is such sleep as children have. Worries slip away, with the world, in any room at all. But

nulla rosa sine spina.

The thorn in this rose is the landlady. Through years of living alone she has evolved a code of etiquette in pots and pans that would baffle a Balkan diplomat. Each saucepan has its charter of rights; this must never be set on the flame, this is for water only. Now, though dishes are essential things, one still could manage. But not if one happens to be a man. Disappointed once in the *genus* in the person of her husband, she has sworn herself to hate all the rest. So Donnington, for the sins of man, like Eden, goes tenantless.

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There are other inviting houses. The elms of one estate are haunted with nightingales; over its lawns of an evening larks go up into a *nunc dimittis* sky. Another is the home of all the hollyhocks and wallflowers. A woman and her daughter live there, too, who brew a tea that makes you say the kindliest things, that wreathes the evening with garlands of peace. Their hearth is the benediction for any golden day. Last of all, there is the Turn, where Sir George and Lady John with their acres keep out the jinns of modern suburbandom from Iffley. Lady John rides her wheel as though her seventy years were twenty, and the May has never left her cheeks. If there are kindly things done, she has her hand in them; she is the village mother, first there with ointments for burns, last to leave the child with the aching tooth. If her taste in Old Masters may be questioned, her house is hung with healing herbs and charity. To hear Sir George, who is a don at Jesus, among his fragrant books, is to have a university at its source. He has been everywhere and done many things well. India and Ireland meet in his witty wisdom. He can tell equally well the story he unearthed in the shadow of the Himalayas of Abraham and the Parsee, or the ending of his recent visit as a secret conciliatory emissary from Parliament to Belfast and how the Irish students, dyed-in-the-wool Sinn Feiners all, bade him Godspeed with cries—"Come back soon, Sir George, and we'll make you the next President of Ireland!" He would be a great philosopher if, as Dr. Johnson remarked, cheerfulness were not always breaking in.

It is the greatest charm of Iffley that here one can see old Dame Human Nature knitting her socks unhurried by the clanking machines of this age. Simple houses, simple lives. Picturesque personalities thrive. Fitz Clare, with his mountain of a perambulator outgrown by his daughter and used now as a barrow for parcels, will keep you from your ways with philippics well seasoned with peppery profanity on a weather that blights his potatoes; or Miss Duke will give you intimate details of royalty (she does not go below earls), while Mrs. Graydon's baked beans, a dish you have transplanted three thousand miles, are left burning on the high knees of the gods. Miss Norris, who is High Church and speaks to no one except Sir George and the rector, goes her

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withering way through the big estate where she rents one of the smaller cottages with that spirited aloofness which New England has described as "head up, tail over the dashboard". The Iffley babies have a reputation of sunny optimism even under gray skies, their faces like apple blossoms of Eastertide. One meets such people as the patriarch carrying waterpails on a yoke; Bill, a "proper poacher", who does not keep his rectitude after sunset when hares come out of burrows and who is afflicted by spirits; a vendor of chrysanthemums with spotless apron and shoes as long behind the ankle as in front; the curate in shovel hat with socks flapping over his shoes; the Cowley Father with ankles bare for mediæval humility; the girl who fancies and dresses herself as Red Riding Hood; and the philosopher in corduroys strapped below the knees, whose faggots cannot cover the patchwork on his breeches beside which Joseph's coat is as vanity. The wash lady who "does for" Iffley is a philosopher, too; from her experience with three husbands she gives you wisdom for marital felicity, "if you leaves 'em, you loses 'em." Tramps knock at Iffley doors for hot water to make their tea. The temperamental baker furnishes human nature unadulterated. To him the symmetry of a loaf is as music. He makes music, too, with his bass in the choir. But he shares the weakness of all artists; he will punish you for buying loaves in town by letting you and your tea guests go breadless; he will come out of the choir to sing his solo, though he have but two bars to sing.

Old things keep green in Iffley, old customs, old hearts. The years go by along the London Road, but miss the turn to the village. One can walk its middle ways without fear of motors. The carol singers still lead the Christmas in; December nights have lanterns with frosty aureoles and the clear *Noel* under the starlit skies. Boy mummers gather pennies from house to house on Twelfth Night, armed with swords of lath, playing an Oxfordshire Saint George to a dragon of very broad Oxfordshire brogue. People pluck their forelocks to Lady John and address her as "My Lady"; they would resent being told that such an act betokened servility. Plodding workmen bid you good night when they meet you on lanes full of dusk. And old men and women do not creep away into houses there. They ride their wheels and

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play astounding tennis, laugh and walk abroad for ale and primroses, for the sunshine they may find and the rain in their faces, for the fountains of youth. Like babies, old folks flourish there.

It is good to live in Iffley. Somehow, unconsciously, people there seem to have learned the art of living. Tending their roses, living as they please behind their high walls, having their hearts open to their open fires, getting the singing of teakettles into their souls, somehow, they have learned the art. The beauty and ease of it are everywhere. Old houses long filled with tears and laughter to live in, chairs hallowed with use by little children, old ivied stones to love, these help to give felicity. But the greatest of all their blessedness is simplicity. They have found out that the deepest and sweetest things are the little beauties of every day, porridge in bowls with blue flowers, baby shoes worn over at the heel, sunlight and firelight on dishes, smiles, and voices speaking low. The luxuries of life and the unessentials do not greatly trouble them. The simple, single things that last they have, not motor cars, not phonographs, not telephones, not cinemas, not electricity; but in their homes you will find plain pity and love and grief and mercy and, best of all, kindliness. So they are able to talk of happy things; so they can walk along their fields and share the joy the skylarks feel, see the way Spring treads, love sunset and after that the stars. So they can play their croquet till every daisy of their hopes closes gladly with the dusk, and ride their bicycles right up to the green edge of the grave.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

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A POET'S HERITAGE

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

In the last years of the reign of George III of England, a certain old gentleman of eccentric appearance was to be seen, every evening at the same hour, walking unsteadily, as if the effort cost him pain, through the streets of a village in Sussex. He was a very tall man and, though bent with age, he carried his head high. His features were fine and firm; his brow was almost delicately modeled; his eyes had not lost their fire. A workman's frock, dusty and frayed, hung loosely from his broad shoulders. His hat was antiquated; his hair was unkempt; his shoes had seen better days. He was neglected and dilapidated, and there was something decidedly unpleasant in the expression of his face. Yet nobody could fail to observe that he bore himself like an aristocrat. An unmistakable air of gentle birth and breeding distinguished the strange figure advancing with a halting gait under the sagging gables of the houses and the low branches of ancient trees.

He has left his house above the river close by the church and is making his way to the tavern. At intervals throughout the day he has escaped the vigilance of his one slovenly servant and, with a furtiveness in curious contrast with his fine head and figure, has occupied himself with sewing banknotes inside the lining of his dressing jacket. Arrived at the Swan Inn he enters the taproom and seats himself at a table among the villagers. He does not indulge in excessive drinking. With his empty glass in front of him, he listens to the gossip of more convivial guests. And as he sits there in silence his features now and then relax their rigidity and his eyes flash, as if some incident related by the gossips had recalled to his memory adventures and romances of his own.

The others glance at him occasionally and keep their distance. They know something of his style of conversation and they prefer

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his silence. They know that if he wants to talk, he will talk, and it is not for them to make advances. They know moreover that the old man is a baronet; that he has long enjoyed the patronage of a powerful and unscrupulous duke, their political dictator; that he is the largest land-holder in the county and the owner of the magnificent castle that stands near the village in the midst of broad acres that overlook the Channel. The mood of sullen silence has grown upon him of late. Not so long ago, it seemed as if his one reason for coming to the tavern was for the pleasure of discussing politics, and they were flattered because he met them on an equal footing. He was a staunch Whig, who prided himself upon his liberal views. He could curse the King and the Government in good round terms. But he was a realist of the hardest type, and success was his only god. Let anyone suggest a change in the existing order, let a spark of idealism light up the argument, and he would rap the offender unmercifully. Any desire for reform was a red flag of revolution. If he heard that wages were getting rapidly lower and the people were suffering, he only asked whether his rents would be affected. It was dangerous to differ with him, for his cuts were sharp. His mind was as keen as his feelings were dull. And his opinions could not always be predicted, for he was wilful and moody.

His moodiness has grown upon him of late. The frequenters of the tap-room wonder more and more what can be the cause of his "melancholy". They whisper their suspicion of some secret crime in his past life, or some bitter disappointment. Or is he, perhaps, only a bit "touched in the head"? Why, they ask one another, does he live in a cottage of their village when that magnificent castle stands empty on the hill? He has never even finished the building, with all his wealth! Why is he so solitary, when he has sons and daughters living? He is gouty and irascible. But they are reminded in a thousand ways that he could be a fine gentleman if he chose. And they can easily believe that he was once dashingly handsome with eyes no woman could resist.

What they have heard of his past increases the mystery. They know that he has twice eloped with a beautiful heiress, thereby rehabilitating the fortunes of the family. They know that he was born in America, and they believe that he brought from the New

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World some of the energy and initiative that got him his brides and his wealth. Some of them may perhaps have heard that his second wife was a direct descendant of Sir Philip Sidney. What they cannot know—what they cannot remotely suspect—is that as a result of his first marriage, incidentally to winning a fortune, he has achieved immortal fame as the grandfather of the poet Shelley.

He is eighty years old and his grandson is nineteen. Five years ago he was granted, as an emolument of the Duke of Norfolk's party, the right to call himself Sir Bysshe Shelley, Bart. The ambition of his life has been to amass riches for himself and his descendants; to put himself and his heirs on a par with that other branch of the family, descended from the same knights of the Middle Ages, who have inherited the title and the property, whose latest scion is Sir John Shelley of Michelgrove, some twenty years older than the poet—a man of fashion famous on the Turf, of "impeccable manners and a warm heart", who was taken away by his guardian from a life of licentious idleness at the University of Cambridge and was rescued from the gambling table by a charming wife; who is later to take a hand at politics as an uncompromising Tory, a social leader, the companion of kings and princes, an intimate friend and supporter of the Duke of Wellington. By a combination of personal charm and hard-headedness and good luck, Sir Bysshe, who began his life without any prospects of worldly success, has all but realized his ambition. He has expended £80,000 upon Castle Goring, on his estates near Horsham; and now, in his old age, he is deserted by his daughters, who have fled from his domineering rule of the household; he is tormented by gout, much given to violent swearing, hoarding his treasure in secret places, and adding codicil after codicil to his last will and testament. And he has many misgivings of late in regard to his grandson who is heir to his property.

The eccentric Sir Bysshe was born in Newark, New Jersey. His father, like many younger sons whose ancient ancestry could not furnish them a living, had moved to America in the hope of bettering his prospects. There he had married a woman of the people, the widow of a miller. With two sons as the sum total of his American fortune, he returned to England where his second

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son, the small boy named By sshe, so wo heart of the paternal grandmother whose family name he e that she set aside the natural claims of others and favored m in her will. She directed that he be "educated in an handsome manner, with a scholastick and gentleman ke education", and she bequeathed him land and ready money, ogether with jewels, plate and linen, and her small cabinet inlaid with ivory. He was but nine years old when his grandmother d ed; he must have learned at an early age that he had charms of is own which, in spite of the laws of primogeniture, might take im far.

His inheritance included certain lands bequeathed him by his grandfather on the condition that he should not marry before he was twenty-three. But Sir Bysshe was as independent in his personal affairs as he was subservient in politics. Having captivated the heart of a girl of sixteen, an heiress who would bring him more lands than he forfeited, he married her as soon as he came of age, against the will of her guardian. They eloped to the Continent. Their first child was Timothy, the father of the poet.

As the years went by, and his wife had died and he had married another heiress in the same romantic manner; as he watched his two families growing up, e could have had little anxiety lest his elder son should take his fate into his own hands as he himself had done. For Timothy was a tamer creature. He had little independence of character, although he manifested a fitful obstinacy that made him unyielding on occasion. He was well educated and liked good solid books, but he was self-important and stupid and blundering and bombastic. He had polished his manners with great care, but they deserted him in trying moments, and he was altogether lacking in the personal charm that distinguished his father and his son. One cannot imagine Timothy eloping like his father in the service of Dame Fortune or like his son in her despite. Whatever early "affairs" he may have had, he conducted himself like a man of the world, accepting everything that was established from manners to religion. Sir Bysshe had subdued the will of Timothy. The result gave him no satisfaction. He was in the habit of cursing his son in the presence of his grandson. Yet Timothy was dutiful and to all appearances devoted. He followed in line behind the Duke of Norfolk;

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as a Member for Sl am he wa an unquestioning adherent of the Duke's part He never tiled to consult his father on all questions of in tance and, however strained their relations became, he neve failed to sen l a messenger every morning to inquire after the old man's health. Above all, he never made trouble. He was extremely c utious and regardful of the world's opinion. At the age of thirty-nine he married a gentlewoman of rare beauty, Elizabeth Pilfo d, the daughter of a county squire. Sir Bysshe established the edded pair in Field Place, two miles from Horsham—an estat ar less magnificent than Michelgrove but creditable enough nce Goring Castle was in prospect. The first child of this marriage was a son and all was well.

The child was named Percy, for a distant relative of the ancient family, and Bysshe, for the grandfather to whom he would be indebted for his position in the world.

As Percy Bysshe grew from babyhood into childhood—delicate, fair-haired, as beautiful as his mother, with the deep blue Shelley eyes—he gave promise of fulfilling every expectation. He would be very different from Timothy, his grandfather soon perceived, as he observed the first signs of his precocious intelligence, his memory, his imagination, his gentle manners. His grandson would never annoy him by his stupidity; he would not, like Timothy, try his patience by his obtuseness and then infuriate him by bursting into unmanly tears. He could always manage Timothy sooner or later, but he had never been proud of him. And he was proud of his grandson. He liked it that he should be clever and original; he even went so far as to pay for the publication of some of his early efforts in literature, penurious though he was. He looked upon him as one for whom it was well worth while that a title should be added to his inheritance. When the boy was fourteen the title was won and the grandfather's ambition seemed crowned with success.

Yet even before that time there were signs of the coming storm. Disquieting reports had come from Eton. It was all very well that a schoolboy should be clever and outstrip his classmates and even that he should have a will of his own. But beyond certain limits, insubordination was not to be brooked.

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And Percy Bysshe had been tampering with forbidden books and forbidden instruments—books on chemistry and instruments of scientific experiment. And what boy of any common sense would resist the fagging system single handed? He was not a good mixer, it appeared—he must get over his habit of solitary mooning and meditating. Above all, his dangerous curiosity must be curbed. He was always speculating and experimenting; and to the Sir Bysshes and Mr. Timothy Shelleys of this world there is something abnormal and dangerous about an inquiring intellect.

When the younger Bysshe came home for his vacations, the consternation of Field Place was duly reported at Horsham. The summer of his eighteenth birthday, when he had finished at Eton, ought to have been one of his happiest. He was in the raptures of his first love; his family encouraged his attachment to his cousin, Harriet Grove; he was writing verses with her and with his favorite sister; he had formed a close friendship with the learned old gentleman who introduced him to Godwin's eye-opening book on *Political Justice;* he was allowing his mind free play on the greatest subjects of human thought. But his parents were outraged by his views. They could not cope with this young skeptic. To his religious questionings, his father would answer, in no gentle tone, "I believe because I do believe." His mother, it is true, was brought to acknowledge one day that if a man lives righteously he has nothing to fear, whatever his creed. Her son was overjoyed at such liberality! Doubtless he had cornered her for a moment with his arguments. Orphaned at an early age and brought up by a Master of the Turf, she was a woman of a shallow education and a shallow mind. Her great desire was to see her son riding to hounds and conducting himself like every country gentleman. It was plain that he had in him the making of a sportsman; he was an excellent shot; he was agile, untiring, and fearless. He could easily have been another Sir John Shelley of Michelgrove! Instead of that, they heard him giving voice to the wildest and most criminal theories. They heard him professing to believe in democracy—that alone was a shock. And when he questioned the Christian scheme of salvation and called their God of punishments an Almighty

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Demon, they were frightened. They saw him started on the road to eternal damnation; and of all the roads thither he had chosen the one that was least respectable in the county of Sussex.

Sir Bysshe only shrugged his shoulders at all the talk about what the boy believed or disbelieved. He whom his grandson once described as "a complete atheist, a hard-headed old reprobate, who looks forward to nothing but annihilation", had no fears of the Devil and his influence. But he had never allowed his scoffing disbelief to interfere with his worldly advantage. What troubled him was the boy's foolishness in not keeping his ideas to himself and, still more, his lack of the proper instincts of a man of property. Evidently he was completely ignorant of the value of money! He had been quoted as declaring that when he came into possession of the estate he meant to divide it equally with his sisters! He might do even worse things, for he was susceptible to all kinds of erratic notions. He had none of the pride of his class. He might waste his inheritance—not in gambling and betting, like his kinsman, but waste it! give it away! Who could tell what such a boy might do?

There was still hope that Oxford might bring him to his senses. They made gentlemen at Oxford, not rebels and idiots. Timothy had gone to Oxford; and if Sir Bysshe was scornful of the conventional religion his son's training had fostered, he saw virtue in the same discipline for his grandson. But at Oxford the wayward youth went on recklessly with his wild speculations. He dabbled in philosophy till he lost his bearings completely. His cousin rejected him for his false doctrine; his family gave him up and withdrew behind their second line of defense, the protection of his sisters from his influence; and finally he set up his opinions against those of his elders and betters to such an extent that, before the end of his first year in college, he was expelled.

Sir Bysshe's attitude toward the offender on this occasion was very different from that of the bewildered Timothy, whose idea of bringing his apostate son to accept the true faith was to refuse to let him come home except on conditions no boy of spirit would accept, to cut off his income, and, on top of that indignity, to confront him with Paley's *Evidences* and attempt to convert him and his friend Hogg in a hotel dining room. He protested and

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shed tears and only succeeded in making himself ridiculous in his son's eyes. Sir Bysshe would have been as much disgusted as the two boys with such behaviour. Nevertheless, he agreed with Timothy in his determination to show no leniency. He agreed that the rebel must be starved into submission; and later, when mediators, appealing to Timothy on the score of the boy's health and the world's opinion of his severity, persuaded him to allow him an income of £200 a year, we may be sure it was without the approval of Sir Bysshe. When he heard of the Oxford disgrace he wrote to their lawyer a letter which Timothy read and addressed:

HORSHAM, April 15, 1811.

Dear Sir, Agree with you y^t^ P.B.S. etc. are extraordinary characters, in my opinion there is but one way to bring them to their senses, not to remonstrate, not by treaty, y^t^ cant be with rebels se by *his* letter to his Father that he is in a state of High Rebellion. No terms but unconditional Submission can be admitted now and y^t^ is not likely to be the case whilst he is treated with. Now my plain unrefined opinion is (I never deceive myself) let these two young men run their career without interruption, this in my opinion will bring them to their senses sooner than anything.

Very Hble. Servt.

B. SHELLEY.

Meanwhile he would make it a little more difficult for this troublesome heir apparent to inherit and dispose of his property; and he added another condition to his complicated will.

And now, just four months later, a bolt has fallen! The storm has broken in all its fury! Far from learning submission, the culprit has disgraced the family. He has "gone off with a female to Scotland". He has eloped with the daughter of a tavern keeper. He has married beneath his station!

As the old man lingers in the tap-room, he may well reflect that his plans are shattered. If his mind reverts to the castle on the hill with its two façades—the one a Gothic structure of solid masonry, the other carved and decorated like an Italian villa of the Palladian style—he may well think of it as a house of cards fallen about his head.

Baronet and squire would have been in perfect agreement as to the proper treatment for the fair Harriet Westbrook, with her "complexion of the rose shining through the lily" and her "hair

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that was like a poet's dream". Mr. Timothy Shelley had been heard to say to his son, "I will care for as many illegitimate children as you care to have, but a misalliance I will never forgive." He may have been misquoted, but the remark is in character. Sir Bysshe provided in his will for at least some of his own illegitimate children. They were honorable gentlemen, both of them!

And the poet's mother—could she do nothing in this coil of events? Could she not appreciate her son's spiritual heritage? Could she see nothing but insubordination in his conduct? nothing but a perverted conscience in his aspirations?

His mother indeed befriended him longer than any other member of the family; that she was obliged to do it in secret shows her position. What could she do with a husband who refused to read his son's letters, turned him over to a lawyer, and declared that he would have nothing to do with him "until he acknowledged his God"? After the Oxford catastrophe she appealed to her brother, and it was he who interfered to appease the towering wrath of Timothy. But after this marriage, what could be done? She was helpless. She no longer attempted to defend her extraordinary son. She was disappointed and distressed, but she had no understanding of his nature.

The only one among them who might have understood was that "hard-headed reprobate", Sir Bysshe. There was a time, at least, when he was capable of understanding, before the fire of his soul had turned to ashes. For one cannot doubt that he had once dreamed divine, frustrated dreams under that brow so like his grandson's. That strange castle of his, with its incongruous façades, was symbolic of his nature in earlier days; he had his harder and his softer side. But worldly ambition had fortified the stern face of the structure and knocked the gentler one into a heap of ruins. If he ever had a sense of humour, of which the family possessed little either by inheritance or marriage, that too had gone down in the wreck. It was too late now for him to appreciate the generous hopes of youth. His own had been thwarted and were forgotten. He could only fulminate and mutter curses and contemplate disinheriting his wayward heir.

He has lost all patience at last. And now there are two

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people to starve instead of one; and the baronet approves of the squire's prompt action in once more cutting off the promised income.

A short time after the wielding of this mighty weapon, as the old man passed out through the gate, one autumn day, on his way to the tavern, he saw coming toward him a swift, eager figure. A moment later, he was face to face with his grandson. What could they say to each other? Their greeting was a formal handshake. As they looked at each other, the youthful Shelley saw nothing but "hard-hearted selfishness tottering to its grave"; the elder saw disobedience, defiance, and foolishness. One can easily imagine what passed between them.

As they walk on together, the old man remains stolid and indifferent while the young enthusiast of nineteen pours forth his arguments. He is not pleading his case. He is explaining his reasons for hating bigotry and tyranny and for believing in the equality of man and the innate purity of the soul. He is discoursing upon Christianity, Monarchy, Aristocracy—all are founded upon fear, he declares; all are destructive of virtue, because virtue induced by hope of rewards or fear of punishments thereby ceases to be virtue. He points out the absurdity of his father's demand that he shall profess a belief in things in which he cannot believe; he will never accept a religion that offends reason and fetters virtue. He believes in a Deity which is the essence of the Universe, but not in "a God Who beheld with favour the coward wretch Abraham, Who built the grandeur of His favourite Jews on the bleeding bodies of myriads, on the subjugated necks of the dispossessed inhabitants of Canaan". He avows his determination to combat ignorance and his refusal to listen to the voice of self-interest, however loudly it may howl.

As they reach the door of the tavern, the old man turns toward the youth as if to dismiss him and says gruffly:

"You have come to me for money."

"Grandfather," replies the youth, his wide eyes opening wider, "how can any of you object to an honourable marriage? My father refuses that my name should be mentioned. I had sup-

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posed that such blind prejudice had long since been banished to the regions of comedies and farces. My uncle Pilfold has been generous—I had every reason to count upon the income that was promised me. This coil of primæval prejudice—"

"You have disobeyed your father," interrupts the other.

"He would oblige me to recant. I will never do that. Besides, I acknowledge no master but virtue."

"Then you can live on virtue."

"My wife was contented with my small income until I should inherit my property. Her sister —"

"*Your* property!—I will hear nothing of your wife and her sister—and *your* property!" He is growing violent.

"But *you* have never been a slave to religious prejudice, Grandfather. You used to help me when nobody else would."

"I will not give you a cent. My money is my own."

"I shall soon be of age, if I live till then. I have been very ill, but I am better. Eventually all that I possess shall be devoted to the cause—"

"To hell with your causes! Go back and repent of your misconduct. When you are through with being a damned idiot—well—well—then we shall see."

"I thank you for your advice." There is no touch of sarcasm in the voice of the youth.

The old man turns into the tavern and the apostle of Truth goes back to Harriet and Eliza and Hogg.

They never saw each other again. The old man lived on for a few more years, miserable and miserly for most of the time, bedridden. When he heard that the Duke of Norfolk had received the recalcitrant pair into his house as guests, he was impressed, but not like Timothy to the extent of loosening his purse-strings. He expended the last strength of his life in efforts to bribe or compel the eldest son of his eldest son to entail the estates and to prevent him from encumbering them. His will was a most complicated document. He provided for a resettlement within a year after his death, thus making it possible for the bulk of his wealth to revert to Timothy's younger son. He therefore died without knowing whether the wish of

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his life would be gratified—the strange passion of a man of property for an immortality of riches.

Before he died his grandson's "vagaries" had crystallized in poetry. But he died without reading *Queen Mab*. He spent his time in other pursuits. A small fortune in banknotes was found in his house, hidden away in secret places. And when he was buried in the family vault in Horsham, the future heir apparent of whom he had once been proud, knowing of his death only by chance when he read of it in the newspaper, did not follow his body to its resting place.

On a cold day of mid-winter, the funeral took place with the requisite pomp and ceremony. "The corpse was followed," as the paper stated, "by Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., who hath succeeded to the family estates of the Shelleys and Michells, and by John Shelley-Sidney of Penshurst Place, Kent, the deceased's eldest son by his second marriage, and by a numerous and respectable Tenantry."

Meanwhile the poet Shelley was completely alienated from his family. His marriage had come to its unhappy ending; he had gone off to the Continent with Mary Godwin and returned to find himself an outcast. Just after his grandfather's death, he returned, for the last time, to Field Place. He was refused admittance; and, while Sir Bysshe's will was being read inside the house, he sat on the doorstep and read Mary's copy of Milton's *Comus*.

Sir Timothy instructed the servant to refer him to the lawyer in London. The physician came out of the house and told him that his father was very angry with him. Mr. Shelley-Sidney, taking his departure, dropped him the remark, in passing, that it was a most extraordinary will. He went away without contaminating any member of his immediate family, for not one of them spoke to him.

He did not go to Horsham to stand reverently before the family tomb. Yet he may have owed more to his grandfather than he ever knew. For there was a touch of genius as well as madness in the old man's nature—a treasure stowed away in dim recesses, more effectually hidden than the banknotes, and set free at last in the mind of his inspired grandson.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

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TEACHING IN SUMMER SCHOOL

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

When a Western university invited me to teach in its summer school, I hurried to my typewriter. "My dear Sir," I began arrogantly, "What can you be thinking of? Give up two months of my precious summer to spend them in your tropical classrooms? Waste my genial Yankee drawl on frayed school-teachers? Talk preposterously to undergraduates about Carlyle instead of to Canadian guides, Cape Cod farmers, and tennis fanatics about the immortal interests of square-tails, plover, and overhead smashes? My dear Sir, you—" All this I wrote on the way to the typewriter. The letter itself, which the next post carried West, was less impassioned, but it was, I am sure, to the point. I had, I told this Dean darkly, something better to do. "Under the circumstances"; "highly flattering offer"; "another time,"—so ran my hypocritical phrases. I can fancy that Dean in his office as he read my letter, regretfully. "Very courteous young man," he remarked. I even see him as he

> . . . laid his face between his hands,
> And wept. (I heard his tears.)

Such a kind Dean. That evening over my pipe I analysed the situation (I usually analyse after I have acted from instinct). I realized that Erastus was that summer teaching in two schools—a prodigious feat—and that Ten Eyck had not taught in any. My paradoxical reflection was that both my colleagues were missing a lot. The man who teaches every summer and all summer is in as warm a circle as Dante's tutor, Brunetto Latini; and he who has never faced a summer school class has overlooked some of the best fun in teaching. The truth is, summer school teaching should be tried once or twice, and then never again—like a trip to Chinatown, or flying, or marrying. The similes are imperfect save in the one particular: though I avoid the word, it

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will out; summer school teaching is, I fear, an "experience". And having had my experience, I declined the position in the West.

I've had it three times. *Terque beatus!* During three blessed summers I gave up the felicities of fishing, shooting, tennis,—yes, even of scholarly research,—and taught school. That evening over my pipe I was glad I had tried it; and saw more clearly why. Let me say at once that I have contrived to spend the money I made in summer teaching. I shall be more convincing on this point if I remark that my check for the first summer was forty-eight dollars and fifty cents, and for the second summer one hundred and ninety dollars. Indeed I think we may dismiss avarice as a motive of the summer school teacher. No, the feeling I had was plainly different: it was amused satisfaction. Satisfaction that for once I had taught something to someone; amusement at the fun of these episodes.

For the staggering difference in summer school teaching is in the attitude of the class: instead of resistance, you encounter interest; you can count on it! They grip their seats, these idolaters of culture, breathe hard, burst into tears. At the end of the hour you lecture again to a group of zealots around the desk; then fight your way out, but only on promise of more tomorrow. (How can you ever learn you are a great man, unless you teach in a summer school?) I always contrast the canny undergraduate and the feverish summer student in terms of two anecdotes. The same friend is the hero of both, and in both he was reading with holy rapture the lines of *Lycidas:*

> It was that fatal and perfidious *bark*—

"Bow-wow!" roared a boy in the last seat, and the room shook with laughter.

Again in summer school he declaimed:

> It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
> Rigg'd in the eclipse,—

This time the interruption was also dramatic: "Oh, stop, Professor," sobbed an elderly lady, "till I take down that noble thought." You will admit that it is different. "What are you

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doing this summer?" I asked the expert on *Lycidas*. "I'm teaching 'thirsties' ", he replied.

I am sure that my first summer school venture was unique. In a small Connecticut town another youth and myself engaged a hall and sold season tickets for a lecture course in English literature. We descanted upon worthies who, because of death and distance, were unable to deny our libels. We filled the room with matrons prominent in charitable work, depressed business men, and satirical friends. Bill lectured one day, I the next. When off duty he or I sat in the front row and signalled a running Morse code to the other, as the interest of the audience ebbed and flowed. The lecturer never dared look at his victims, so overcome was he by his own fatuousness. His knees clicked audibly, and his expression was that of a man proposing marriage. Depressing indeed to look down at the accomplice and see his eloquent feet and hands registering: "Absurd;" "Oh, how wrong!" "You are an ass." Under this method the lecturer came to look forward vindictively to his day as coach. Each had his turn, and as I remember it, no quarter was given. Our venom would have shocked the Black Hand. As for the course, it was broad, very broad. On the last day we reviewed the eighteenth century, slurred the nineteenth from Byron to Browning, and ended with a scorching vision of the future of literature. This in an hour. I recall that the last day was riotous. A brawl arose concerning the distinction between sensu*ous* and sensu*al*. Bill had said that we ought to stir up discussion. ("Get 'em talking," were his words.) Well, we did. Evil glances, sniffs, exits, blighted that July morning. I believe that in the little manufacturing town our course is still discussed. I do not regret not having heard all the discussions of these, my pioneer days.

Seven years later I found myself in the summer session of a New England college. The Director said that he hoped the mountain air would reconcile me to my small salary; he said he knew of several teachers whom it had affected in this way. I did not ask for the names; I did not think we would have been congenial. I thought the Director too optimistic, but I glanced with interest at the tennis courts. I met my first class, in Vic-

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torian literature, in the "Old Chapel". It was a cosmopolitan group. Three Maine teachers eyed me reprovingly. Three seasoned undergraduates told me instantly of past brilliance and present need for passing my course. A French youth bowed with all the politeness of his race, and expressed the wish that I would address him in his own language. A Norwegian girl took notes furtively. Here was a dazzling variety. I longed for an educator friend who was hipped on what he called "homogeneity of classes".

We examined each other. I tried to appear fearfully busy. As I embarrassedly glanced through the poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold, I stumbled on the picture of that flower of Oxford. I suddenly felt a mad desire to turn the portrait towards the class, and let them see one another. (Some people are afflicted by an unhappy impulse to laugh at funerals.) Some day I mean to have this whim classified by a modern psychologist. I suppose I thought that here was one aspect of the Victorian age which they could absorb at once. Let Mr. Arnold do his own talking in this dissenters' chapel, on his own "sweetness and light". But I dared not do it. I could not let the class see those whiskers. They would never have understood. It would not have been a good beginning. I contented myself with a conservative lecture. I think I told them there was a good deal of thought in the nineteenth century, and they did not contradict me.

As the summer wore on, I learned to be fond of that class, it was so rich in surprises. The difference of types which I have noted caused me some pains. My method amounted to this: I gave each student, in turn, a lecture suited to age, temperament, and nationality, mentally excusing the rest, who looked at me with that blankness which Tennyson says the good King Arthur cast upon Vivien in a certain critical moment. All except Monsieur Politesse, who continued to regard me with that amiable interest which he could not, by any chance of the language, have felt. During the third week, as I was impotently illustrating the use of specific detail in nature among the less boring of the poets, I referred the class to H. W. Longfellow. (Good poet, Longfellow, and catholic.) I turned to a teacher and begged elaboration on my theme. I begged her to state how a line from

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this benign poet proved my "point". Yes, I might as well confess everything. I went the limit; I quoted Longfellow. I can hear myself now:

> . . . the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

(Ugh!) I waited complacently for the answer. It came: "Oh", she moaned, "*isn't* that beautiful? I have loved that from my girlhood."

The Norwegian girl refused to let me see her notes. When I was firm, and hinted that my purpose was merely paternal, as it were, she covered them with her hand, blushed a Scandinavian scarlet, and made evident signs of leaving the room. I could not afford to lose one of my six students, and forebore. After all, what did I want with her notes? (Still I wish I had seen them.) I think it was the same day that another young lady inquired after class concerning her grade in the course. Her grade! I was stunned. Grades in a summer school! It was hardly fair. Everyone knows that summer schools are for inspiration. However, I had kept records, intending to submit them to the Director to dispose of according to his own good pleasure. So I said cheerfully—for she *was* a good student—"Ninety-two." "Excellent," I added, "your grade is ninety-two." I shall never forget that instant. She looked at me as we shall all look in that solemn moment of the Last Judgment. I have never seen such shame on any human countenance. I knew instantly how murderers feel as they hold the smoking revolver. "Ninety-two!" she gasped, tottered slightly—and fainted.

I hope I was equal to the emergency. Please remember that it was a new experience. Of course I had read *Clarissa Harlowe* and *The Man of Feeling*, but I found these of no practical value at this crisis. Windows were opened, and strong women, awfully motherly ones, were summoned, and bells rung. I remember reaching for my hat, feeling in my pockets for cigarettes, a match—anything, but I am sure I was quite cool. In time the young lady was called back to a world where hellish instructors mark down high-stand students to ninety-two. As she passed out on the arm of a friend I heard her exonerate me. She thought the mark was fair. She was only sorry she had not done better.

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As she said this, she teetered again, and I thought she was going back to Cosmos, but her friend vouchsafed: "She always does this when she gets a low mark." Two days later the young lady returned, bringing with her a Newfoundland dog. He loomed up between us, and examined me with moist eyes during the recitation on Rossetti. This intrusion I was left to interpret as I pleased. Let me hasten to say that I never evicted that dog.

A class in composition brought other adventures. This time the chapel was crowded with sinners who were atoning for college courses scanted during the winter. I felt that I was in charge of a mob. Here my own naïveté protected me. In announcing the scope of the course I innocently promised the class the pleasure of writing a short story and a play. What a purgative! On the next day I was again at my ease with eight students. The drones had left for easier honey. Write a play, quoth a'! Only creative artists, I took it, remained. Yet with all these whimsical happenings, how much there was that was good and sound, if one cares for teaching! In this ancient New England college I found truly the strength of the hills. Earnestness, right thinking, the love of truth—these were here in abundance. Many of these students are my friends to-day.

The following summer the school caught reorganization. It was accordingly quarantined twelve miles away in the hills, and, in time, declared to have convalesced into a School of English. There were Deans, two of them, a faculty from all corners of the kingdom, a curriculum, and a hundred thousand acres of forest land for walks, fishing, and botany. For the less athletic there were beds of petunias and a set of croquet. The purpose of the School was high, a focusing upon the study of English in its entirety. Altogether it was an enterprise worth aiding. I believe that this is in many ways the best summer school in the United States.

The adventure in this school was at close quarters. We were housed in a single group of buildings, at an enormous distance from civilization and sea-level. Had the air been a factor here, salaries should have been very low indeed. The place itself was a blessing. Nothing academic about it, I assure you. I met one class in a parlor, another in a smoking room—alas, in name

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only. My students sat in veranda rockers, or dining room stiff-backs, or three on a sofa. My only bulwark was a marble-topped table around which the clan gathered after the ringing of a colossal dinner bell. You see it was almost convivial. I used the bell effectively in teaching *Macbeth*.

That class in Shakespeare was the class *par excellence*. I am tempted to a panegyric in Nestorian vein: "In all my years of teaching, never have I seen nor shall I see—" Every state in America was represented, every college, from Harvard to Otter Creek. From the first moment it was give-and-take, with no pause till the instructor collapsed or the tocsin sounded the next ordeal. I have never had better hours of teaching than with that class, and when I am reminded of the benefit to the teacher from a summer school, I think of them.

But even in such a summer school Comedy misses triumph by only a hair's breadth. I began immediately to have adventures. Every morning, for instance, half my class modestly took places *behind* the marble-topped table, and behind me. I am sure that we are not to take the famous "circles" of literature too exactly. They must have been half moons. No professor, however owl-like in face and neck muscles, can lecture backwards. Each morning I remobilized my cohorts, and each morning they re-formed with creaking chairs into a scholastic halo. Then what do you think of the moments when the instructor enthusiastically addresses a score of lady pupils with a loud: "Gentlemen!" or still more vigourously and beseechingly as "Men"? Or, when he misreads his lists and invokes a lady by her first name? Then, too, even among these elect the variety of ages and types was bewildering. One of my most ardent students was summering in the mountains with her grandchildren. At her left sat a débutante. I was always feeling that something more cheerful ought to be done for this lovely creature. I thought of a box of caramels, but dismissed the idea as impractical and profane. I never felt that she was carried away by Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*. Had I rushed to the piano and shouted: "Now for a dance!" she would have been delirious with joy. But this would not have pleased the married graduate student. He was older and certainly knew more than teacher. The *Apologia* was his

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favourite book. My classroom was as full of humours as a comedy of Ben Jonson's, and my life as merry.

One delightful student of some summer schools is the individual at the back of the room known as "auditor" or "listener". These persons sit together like a jury: they are magnificently unbiased, for they have not read the assignment. They are gleaners; they pick the crumbs from the feasts of others. They are amusing, and I suppose that it is good business to get one's fill of tuition, but it is false education.

Occasionally the summer school teacher has his adventures outside the classroom. In large summer schools the instructor is often paid per course, and during the other hours he may either study or drink himself to death; nobody cares which. But in others he may have opportunities for other kinds of self development. He may give readings on occasional evenings. He may act in Shakespearean plays. Or he may be blackfaced and sing verses about swinging on an old apple tree. In the dining room he may eat with his students and discuss literature and the problems of teaching. At the end of each week other students may be shifted, as in the good old game of Boston, to his table, and the teacher may thus know the problems of his students. Do you like the idea? (It was the best part of my experience.) I do. But, as I wrote the Dean, I have other things to occupy me. I like to give readings; I like amateur theatricals; I admit an interest in vaudeville, and I play with my students the year round. But who—let him speak out boldly!—can satisfy the requirements in college for new courses, for publication, for tireless and effective teaching, and spend summer after summer in playing school? For teaching, winter or summer, is exhausting. The teacher's summers are his years of plenty: they are for travel, reading, research, knowing other men. Sometimes they are merely for listening to the music of a trout stream or watching the shadows play over the hills; just loafing. This, then, is the text of these confessions: summer school during every summer—is a calamity! During no summer?—well, you have missed a real experience.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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ANCIENT EGYPT IN AMERICA

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

THE tremendous ploughshares of the French Revolution, rooting out and burying many time honoured things, upturned into the light of day others long forgotten, unregarded, or misprized. Thanks to the guiding hand of General Bonaparte, one of these recoveries was the art of ancient Egypt. The French occupation of the Nile country lasted less than three years, yet it bore immediate and splendid fruit in the encyclopædic work called *Description de l'Egypte*. Other explorations, other great illustrated books, soon followed. England was awakened to interest by important collections taken from the French when they surrendered at Alexandria in 1801. Travelling savants and wealthy tourists began to bring home works of art. So did more or less commercially minded "antiquity hunters", exploring the sand-shrouded temples, entering the Pyramids, discovering hidden tombs. The most successful of these was the Italian Belzoni, who worked partly on his own account, partly as agent for Henry Salt, the British consul-general at Cairo. Publishing the story of his adventures and exhibiting some of his finds in London in 1820, Belzoni figured for a time as a popular hero. Many of Salt's acquisitions were bought for the British Museum in 1823, others by the King of France for the Louvre. In 1824 Champollion made known his great achievement, the reading of the hieroglyphs. In 1836 the obelisk of Ramses the Great was set up on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and soon the collections and the writings of Lepsius, and Wilkinson's books of a more popular kind, were spreading in Germany and in England the new knowledge of a civilization in regard to which Herodotus had remained for twenty-three centuries the chief authority.

Nor was America untouched by this new knowledge. Many

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American travelers must have examined the collections rapidly growing in European cities, while the most indifferent could not escape acquaintance with some of the elements of Egyptian art as they had affected, especially in the designing of furniture, the development in France of the style of the First Empire. Not until near the middle of the century were the products of this style wholly submerged by successive waves of nondescript forms and patterns. So in old-fashioned American houses may still be seen beautiful pieces of Empire furniture brought home in the 'thirties and 'forties, and also a variety of *articles de Paris* modeled—at long distance!—upon Egyptian suggestions: little marble sphinxes, sarcophagi, and obelisks adorned with make-believe hieroglyphic inscriptions, which served as thermometers, inkstands, paper-weights, or "mantel ornaments". And every self-respecting American bookcase then contained at least one book on Egypt—Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, first published in 1837.

But this was not all. More Americans than might be supposed visited Egypt; a number of them wrote books about it, two of which are still remembered,—Prime's *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia* and Curtis's delightful *Nile Notes of a Howadji*,—and some of them brought home valuable antiquities for the benefit, as it has proved, of the public of today. The earliest of these was a Colonel Cohen of Baltimore, who believed that in 1832 he had been the first to carry up the Nile the flag of the United States. His collection, which contained a part of Henry Salt's, was not exhibited until 1884, when it was given by his heirs to Johns Hopkins University. But even before his day mummies had been more than once shown to our public. Between 1842 and 1850 George Gliddon, an Englishman whose father had acted as the first consul of the United States in Cairo, lectured here on Egypt with the aid of objects of art and of paintings enlarged from one of the great illustrated books. A volume of his lectures, printed in New York in 1843, had by 1847 run through fifteen editions, each of several thousand copies.

Of course all this does not mean that any real knowledge of Egyptian art was spread abroad in our far-off country when it had as yet no help from museums of art or even from photography.

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Nevertheless there was interest enough, in America as in England, to show in the designing of many important buildings. Most of them, like Egyptian Hall in London, where Belzoni's collections were displayed, were grotesque, ridiculous travesties of Egyptian precedents. Much better were two of those in New York —the detention prison so commonly called the Tombs that it bequeathed the name to its successor on the same site, and the distributing reservoir on Fifth Avenue where the Public Library now stands. The architect of the one, finished in 1838, was John Haviland; the other, into which the water was turned in 1842, is thought to have been designed by the chief engineer of the Croton aqueduct, John Bloomfield Jervis, to whose credit High Bridge is also put. It is a pity that the Tombs and the reservoir outlived their usefulness, for as the best results of a passing phase of popular taste they had a certain historic value, and they were not travesties but frank and simple adaptations which served their purpose well and did not displease the mind or the eye.

On the other hand, many of our eastern cities and towns contain, or used to contain, would-be Egyptian buildings which anyone might rejoice to see destroyed, or buildings, even churches, in which pseudo-Egyptian and pseudo-Greek features were very queerly combined. They seem all to have antedated the Civil War, but since then Egyptian motives have often been used in cemetery gateways and monuments, recommended by their solidity and gravity of air and by the close connection of Egyptian art with the memory of the dead.

It was just before the Civil War that for the first time an American institution acquired an Egyptian collection—a very valuable one of more than 2000 objects, much the finest yet brought to this country and the first to be exhibited here. Formed by an Englishman, Dr. Henry Abbott, during a residence of twenty years in Egypt, it was shown in New York in 1853, and in 1860 was bought by a popular subscription in which many noted men of other cities joined, and given to the New York Historical Society. Unfortunately there was then no museum of art where it might have been more appropriately placed and better cared for. As many experts—Lepsius, Prisse d'Avennes, Wilkinson, and

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Poole among them—had given Dr. Abbott aid and advice, the existence and the value of his collection were remembered in Europe. But in America, confusedly shown in over-crowded cases, uninstructively catalogued, and housed in a building which could not be visited without a permit, it lay for many years in a truly Egyptian darkness of oblivion. Even if a New Yorker remembered it, he could tell little more about it than that it contained certain mummied bulls reputed to be the only ones in existence. Yet from time to time other early collections came to keep it company. In 1908 the Society moved into a new building which it opened to the public, and in 1917 it put its Egyptian treasures in the hands of an expert for proper care, display, and explanation.[1]

The long neglect of these treasures was one of the signs that the interest excited by the opening of the ancient land to modern eyes had died down. More and more tourists were, indeed, "going up the Nile," but for the sake of health or the pleasures of travel rather than the study of antiquity. Even after the establishment of our museums of art interest revived but slowly. The first of them to give hospitality to ancient Egypt was the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which in 1872 acquired by gift more than a thousand objects gathered early in the century by a Scotch collector—the nucleus of a collection which is now surpassed in this country only by the possessions of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Close to the Metropolitan the obelisk of Thutmose III was erected in 1881. In 1889 the English traveler, Amelia B. Edwards, lectured here on Egypt—how successfully anyone will know who has read her book, *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, still the best one, graphic, alluring, and illuminating, to prepare a tourist to enjoy his voyage. During the eighteen-nineties two American universities, Harvard and Chicago, began to offer instruction in Egyptology. And in 1899 the first American exploring expedition was sent out—by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst for the benefit of the University of California.

Public and private collections were now growing and multiply-

[1] A fuller account of our early collectors and collections may be found in an interesting article by Mrs. Williams, the curator of the Abbott Collection, in the issue for April, 1920, of *The Quarterly Bulletin* of the New York Historical Society.

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ing. The Metropolitan Museum began its purchases of Egyptian material in 1886, although not until 1906 did it create that Egytian department which has developed with a rapidity astonishing to anyone who does not know why, in recent years, there have been better chances to acquire Egyptian works of art than those of many nearer lands and times. During these years the Government of Egypt has both stimulated and regulated exploration by granting to responsible institutions and individuals from other countries exclusive rights in certain selected places, all valuable finds to be divided between the explorers and the museum at Cairo. Under these conditions several American universities and museums have year after year kept their own expeditions in the field, while others have contributed to the cost of similar English undertakings and shared in the rewards. Generous persons have furthered this work, and others have conducted, under expert guidance, very successful explorations. By these private as well as corporate enterprises many of our museums and colleges have profited, as also by frequent and important gifts from friends who found their chance when valuable antiquities came into the market.

Meanwhile American Egyptologists, although still too few in number, have taken rank with the most accomplished; notably, by virtue of his writings as well as his explorations, Dr. Breasted of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Reisner who, working for the Boston Museum and Harvard University, has recovered from the veiling yet preserving sand the history of Ethiopia, at one time the vassal, at another time the overlord, of Egypt.

II

I should like to show how rich America now is in the multiform artistic products of ancient Egypt. And I should like to point out their special interest for the lover of art, their purely æsthetic significance. But I want still more to comment upon a certain peculiar importance that they have for the public at large, certain fundamental, elementary lessons that they teach more distinctly and more emphatically than could the assembled products of any other land.

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They had already attracted popular attention in large measure before Tut-ankh-amen's spectacular resurrection drew upon ancient Egypt the eyes of all the world. At the Metropolitan, for example, the fourteen Egyptian rooms have of late years been more frequented than any others excepting the picture galleries. Of course not every visitor has been allured by the hope of æsthetic gratification. With the majority the chief magnet has undoubtedly been not the merits and charms of Egyptian art as such but the engaging loquacity with which it tells of a long dead civilization—of the daily habits and pursuits, the mortuary customs, and the singular religion of a people so ancient that we can see no other beyond it. Nowhere else did a peculiar physical environment so mould the character of a civilization as in Egypt, or so promote an extraordinary national longevity, or preserve in such mass and variety the major and minor products of its arts and industries. Moreover, nowhere else have the arts both *served* and *recorded* the life of the people, of all classes of the people, as fully as in Egypt. For these reasons this phase of art reveals to us more clearly than any other a phase of man's life in the far past. To want to get a general idea of the story thus carried through successive millenniums of time, and vivid glimpses of many bits of it, is not, as I have shown, primarily an æsthetic desire. But none the less it is a legitimate and a laudable desire, and to gratify it as far as possible is a legitimate and laudable aim in a museum of art, especially as an eventual appreciation of artistic values may thus be promoted.

A different way of thinking, I know, may prevail in a museum. The products of Egyptian hands differ much in quality, even when they date from the height of one of those great artistic periods that were separated from each other by long lapses of unproductive years. All kinds of things for all kinds of men and women, living and dead, were not made with the same expenditure of material, time, and skill. There were perfect things and makeshift things, costly things and cheap ones, things for the use of Pharaohs and of peasants, things made by humble artisans, by better equipped purveyors of what has been called "commercial imagery", and by amazingly accomplished artists, some of whom, as we know, bore the titles of great court functionaries. More-

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over, there seem always to have been in different parts of the land contemporaneous schools of art of unequal ability. Therefore it may be thought permissible and desirable to segregate the finest things of important kinds and relegate all others to background places where the studious and the curious may seek them out. But there are great objections to such a plan.

In the first place, to say of Egyptian things *fine* and *poor* does not mean that vast difference in conception, in aim, in fundamental character, which the same words may imply if used of our own products. If we compare our own creditable works of art with the useful things offered generally in our shops—furniture, for instance, china ware, table silver, not to speak of humbler objects of household utility—we find no point of relationship. The two classes of things differ so greatly, in kind and in quality, that they hardly seem to have been made for the same race of men. But in ancient Egypt, as in all the old artistic lands, there was an integral connection between all the works of men's hands. Nothing was made simply to be set up and looked at for the sake of its beauty; everything was made to be of use, actually or symbolically, to the living or the dead; but, on the other hand, everything was made with a wish for beauty in the result. All things were inspired by the same ideas, ideals, intentions. All show the same principles of design, the same choice of motives and patterns, the same kind of *taste;* only they vary in completeness of expression, in excellence of execution, as money or as skill abounded or lacked. Therefore the best and the poorest are united by so many intermediate grades that it is impossible to separate logically, satisfactorily, along any definite line of kind or of quality, what is of artistic value and what is simply of archæological interest. This is all the more true because among the most utilitarian little objects we may find a very gem of art, and among the rudest objects we may chance upon one which suggests the character of admirable things that we do not possess—for despite the marvelous generosity of the land of the Nile we have, of course, only a fragmentary, accidental selection from the riches it once owned. In short, to try to set apart Egyptian works of "fine art" from all others is to tear to pieces the fabric of a great national legacy that has been almost miraculously pre-

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served for us and, so doing, to impair its exceptional value to teach a fundamental truth which our modern world has almost forgotten in theory and quite forgotten in practice. This is the truth that art should be considered not a source of luxury, pleasure, or "culture" for the few, but a necessary food for the eye, the mind, and the spirit of all men and, therefore, should concern itself with the lowliest as well as the loftiest tasks.

This, then, is the first great lesson that our large Egyptian collections can teach our public. But they can teach it only by a close association of the various kinds of things recovered from a given time, fully and instructively labeled, and supplemented by photographs, copies, and casts of illuminative objects elsewhere preserved. Only in this way can a museum collection suggest the character of the life of that time and the part that the artist played in it; and only such a suggestion can attract many eyes to an art which in its more important manifestations is so different from all others, so alien to our own ideas and practices, and in some respects so puzzling as the art of Egypt. Anyone may test this for himself by visiting, for example, the populous rooms at the Metropolitan and then those of a museum where the segregating method has been adopted with the wish to concentrate attention upon the finest products of the "fine arts". Probably no one will deny that to attract the public must be the first step toward informing it and awakening its latent æsthetic sensibilities. And year by year there are fewer who deny that this should be the aim of a great museum, especially in a land which lacks the widespread artistic inheritances of the elder world—an aim which, I need hardly explain, does not exclude that desire to serve the serious student and the already accomplished amateur of art which until recent times was thought the whole duty of man as a museum administrator.

Another important lesson that may be taught by an Egyptian collection better than by any other is a lesson in the meaning of beautiful workmanship. It is taught, of course, with more or less emphasis by the products of every country to which a museum opens its doors, but by those of no other in such diversified ways as by the legacies of Egypt or, in regard to certain kinds of work, with such supreme authority. This people, which had no

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forerunners to encourage or instruct it, which knew nothing of precept or precedent, but was its own inspirer, teacher, and critic, seems to have been born—no, very evidently was born—not only with a great gift for ornamental design but with an extraordinary supply of that combination of ingenuity, manual dexterity, and patience which is the endowment of the master-craftsman.

Even in prehistoric times, Neolithic times, this endowment gave proof of itself, for it was in the Valley of the Nile that were most beautifully, most perfectly wrought those weapons and tools of chipped flint which in many quarters of the globe served primitive man before he learned to use the metals. With these we may begin our museum survey. Then from the early historic times that we call archaic, long before the days of the pyramid builders, when copper implements had come into use and the bow-drill and the stone-borer had been invented, we shall find large vessels of so hard a stone, or of alabaster so translucently thin, that a modern workman with modern tools would not care to try to imitate them. And from the time of the pyramid builders we find, on the walls of tomb chambers, mural sculptures in low relief of most precise and skilful workmanship. And so it is as we follow craftsman after craftsman through the long, long centuries—the potter, the weaver, the basket-maker, the carver on a small scale in wood or ivory, stone, or shell, all of whom did admirable work even in prehistoric times, the workers in gold, in silver, in bronze, in enamel, in glass, and the great artists who raised magnificient colonnades with floriated capitals and statues of colossal size, and lined the walls of huge temples with complicated carved and painted pictures. Everywhere we find an admirable and sometimes an unequaled skill of hand, even in the making of garlands and collars of natural flowers and leaves more delicately elaborate than any other people ever devised.

In a large portrait head of very hard stone the modeling may be too much summarized to be properly appreciated by an inexperienced eye, but it is none the less right on that account and is all the more remarkable. And if the generalized, conventionalized treatment of other parts of the body, notably the hands and feet, may seem inadequate, incompetence is not the explanation. Who could use this term to explain, for example, the succinctly

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modeled hands of the great alabaster statue of King Mycerinus, in Boston, when he notes that they rest upon knees truthfully and delicately modeled in all those subtile details which make them harder to render than hands? But why the discrepancy? This is one of the problems—they are many!—which add interest to the study of Egyptian art.

But while we are looking for examples of beautiful workmanship we need not concern ourselves with problems. We need only mark the way in which the Egyptian sculptor could perfectly accomplish tasks of the most disparate kinds—the knees of a statue larger than life, gigantic heads carved from the living rock, such as those of Ramses II at Abu Simbel which many pictures have shown us, elaborate ceremonial scenes in very low relief like those from the memorial temple of Ramses I at Abydos, which are prime treasures of the Metropolitan collection, or a lily-shaped cup, a statuette a couple of inches in height, a tiny amulet or seal, a bead of glass or stone or gold, a row of hieroglyphic signs in each of which we may take delight as in a precious little object of art.

The work of the painter has, of course, been less abundantly preserved than the work of the sculptor to which, especially in the earlier periods, it was held subordinate. Yet in wall paintings and steles, in mummy cases and coffins, we have a great deal of it, often in its pristine freshness. There could hardly be better examples of the tasteful and dexterous use of colour in intricate little patterns than we may see on certain great wooden coffins recently acquired by the Boston Museum.

Considering all these varied things, we find another reason why with the very best others less excellent should be shown us. It is the eye that we are educating, and the eye learns chiefly by making comparisons. So, to take one example, it may most surely learn to value the exquisitely modeled heads of some of those little figures, most often of blue-glazed faïence, which are called *ushebtis* ("responders", servants buried with the dead man to answer his call and act as his substitutes if onerous tasks are laid upon him), when it can compare them with others varying through many lessening degrees of accomplishment to rudely modeled specimens where the features are indicated by touches of black paint.

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Even Egypt could not ensure long life to works of art in the precious metals. Into the melting-pot of its conquerors, its tomb robbers, or its needy citizens went sooner or later incalculable treasures of gold and silver, electrum and bronze. Yet hosts of minor ones survive—statuettes, small articles of use, and jewelry often of the finest quality.

Jewelry, we say, but the term is misleading, for we cannot escape from its suggestion of that modern jewelry which, with its subordination of the metal work to a profusion of sparkling diamonds and of coloured gems mistakenly cut in facets in the hope that they will sparkle too, seems almost as trivial and meretricious as Christmas tree gauds in comparison with the beautifully designed and chiselled, richly yet soberly coloured, sumptous yet dignified ornaments that Egyptian men and women wore. For these, goldsmith's work is a truer term than jewelry, all the more because the Egyptians had none of our gems but only what we call semi-precious stones and, moreover, did some of their most beautiful work in gold alone. Scarcely any museum can be without some small specimens, but in Cairo is the largest store of great ones and, next to Cairo, in New York.

Here the chief group of them includes the ornaments worn in life by the Princess Sat-hathor-iunut, whose tomb lies near the pyramid of her father, Sesostris II, at Lahun in the Fayoum. Dating back to about the year 1900 B. C., more than five centuries before the days of Tut-ankh-amen, they come from the best period for such work, the period called the Middle Kingdom.

"So many of them seem to be chiefly beads," said, rather slightingly, someone who had not yet seen but had only read about them. Yes—but, as we commonly use them, the pearls we so highly value are beads. And even the glass beads that the Egyptians of the later periods made are little works of art, delicately striped and figured, while these Middle Kingdom beads are variously and beautifully shaped of precious materials—lapis lazuli, giving a fine dark blue, turquoise, pale blue-green feldspar, coral red cornelian, purple amethyst, and very yellow gold. The clear, quiet, yet rich and strong colour thus achieved, I may add, was enhanced by the lack of colour in the garments it was worn with, and its sumptuousness by their scantiness. Men and

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women alike, these Egyptians of high rank dressed chiefly in thin white linen, and a little of it often sufficed them.

The most splendid of the princess's possessions is a great girdle with elongated gold ornaments in the shape of cowrie shells separated by rows of rhombic beads of three colours; the most delicate are bracelets formed of many strands of little beads disposed in gold bordered panels; the most precious and lovely is a pectoral of gold and polychrome enamel, an openwork design with the oval containing the name of Sesostris II supported by two great falcons. It was made as are the cloisonné enamels that we all know, but with bits of precious stones instead of fused pastes, and on the back is elaborately and delicately engraved. But in any of these adornments of Pharaoh's daughter, in others from other periods which are scarcely less wonderful, and in many minor things wrought in the precious metals, we may study in variety the very perfection of human handiwork.

These, then, are two important lessons which the public at large, which even an eye not yet trained to seek and appreciate purely æsthetic values, may learn from our Egyptian collections: it may learn how all embracing should be the service of art to a community, and it may learn the difference between admirable and untutored or mechanical workmanship. Both of these lessons we need to learn, we *must* learn, if in America good taste is to grow and great art is to develop; for the chief among the arts of design cannot rightly flourish unless the eyes of the people are sensitive enough to ask for beauty in small things as well as great, in things of use as well as in things of luxury and display. A feeling for good workmanship as such, I may add, especially needs cultivation in these days when we must not only revive taste and skill in the handicrafts but must try to master another problem—the production of beautiful, or at least of agreeable, machine made things. In many directions a hopeless problem? Perhaps! But in many directions it has not yet been attacked.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

CHINESE brigandage is doubtless an abominable thing, for all the deviltries of which the Chinese Government must of course be held accountable. It ought to prevent such doings, and if it does not it must pay the ransoms of the captives and round indemnities if any of them are killed or injured. And it must very humbly apologize to the aggrieved nations. Upon all this the United States is supremely entitled to insist, because of its own record in such matters. You see, we have brigands of our own. Seventy-two years ago American brigands in New Orleans insulted the Queen of Spain, destroyed the Spanish consulate, and looted the shops of Spanish merchants. Our Government was no more able to punish them than the Chinese Government is to punish its brigands today, but it very humbly apologized and paid an indemnity. About a generation ago American brigands in Louisiana and in Colorado murdered a number of Italians; and as before our Government confessed its inability to punish them, but it apologized and paid indemnities. Most of all to the point was an incident of thirty-eight years ago, when American brigands, led by pastors of churches, kidnapped and tortured to death a number of Chinese, acting much worse than the Chinese bandits of today; and as our Government was not strong enough to punish the miscreants, it had to content the aggrieved nation with profound apologies and indemnities. Surely, we may expect China to act as handsomely as we did! Could we ask more?

The opening of the International Academy of Law at The Hague should be an incident of happy augury, though it may suggest some heart searchings as to whether we have not put the cart before the horse in first seeking to establish international courts and afterward studying international law. How little agreement there is among the nations on some of the sim-

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plest and most fundamental matters of law has been strikingly illustrated by the controversy between Great Britain and Russia, which has turned upon the question of the width of coastal waters over which the country which they border has authority. Great Britain insists upon only three miles, while Russia claims twelve, and other nations prescribe six, and nine. There never has been general agreement. Suppose that a case involving that question were brought before the court which the League of Nations has established, and that British, Swedish and Spanish judges were on the bench. What kind of decision could be expected, with the judges committed respectively to three, six and nine miles as the width of territorial waters? Truly, an Academy of Law seems an essential prerequisite to a successful Court.

A practical vindication of the defeat of the "Clean Book Bill" by the New York Legislature followed quickly upon that incident. A court with a trial jury in New York City found a certain stage play improper, and those responsible for its production guilty of a penal offense. This was done under the ordinary general laws of the State, by the ordinary officers of the law, without any special legislation or the meddlesome and oppressive activities of a self-appointed smelling society. There is no question that similarly satisfactory results could be obtained in the same way in the case of any other play, or any book or picture that was really an offense to decency and morals. The trouble is that people neglect to invoke the law until its violations become flagrant, and then they get hysterical and yell for special legislation and a censorship and other abominations. And in such circumstances professional prudes and notoriety seekers perceive the opportunities of their lives.

Seldom has the Prime Minister of any government resigned his office amid more general and more sincere regret than Mr. Bonar Law. But substantial consolation is afforded in the assurance that the incident will mean no radical change of the beneficent policy which he had pursued, but rather its continuance in hands as expert and as sincere as his. The accession of Mr. Stanley Baldwin is particularly reassuring of the mainte-

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nance of satisfactory relations between Great Britain and the United States, since he is known to be most kindly disposed toward this country, with which only a few months ago he personally, at Washington, negotiated a settlement of the British war debt.

Charles de Freycinet had so far outlived his age as to have entered oblivion, almost, before his death. Accustomed as we have lately been to recording men of extreme old age, it was a trifle startling to be reminded that here was a man who lived in the reign of Charles X, and was active in public affairs in the time of Louis Philippe, who rose to eminence during the Second Empire, and for a full generation was one of the foremost figures of the Third Republic. In scholarship he had few rivals, in integrity and loyalty he was surpassed by none, and in the sum of his public services he ranked far above the average of French Ministers and Prime Ministers. Only an incurable nervous diffidence and weakness prevented him from attaining a place close to those of Thiers and Gambetta. Perhaps the greatest Opportunist of the Republic, his Opportunism invariably aimed, and generally with success, at promoting the welfare of the nation.

A most interesting and not unimportant question is raised by the proposal, made by eminent church authorities, to "free the plan of a World Court from politics by making it an issue in the churches of the country." A similar proposal has been made by Mr. William J. Bryan with considerable success, to make the enforcement of prohibition an issue in the churches. Entirely without reference to the intrinsic merits or demerits of the World Court and of the Volstead Act or the Eighteenth Amendment, it is indisputable that they are primarily and essentially political matters. If then they are taken up by the churches as religious issues, what happens? They cannot thus be made one whit less political. It inevitably follows that in such action the churches go into politics, or politics into the churches—it does not matter which way we regard it. And that, we must insist, is a most undesirable thing. Complete separation of Church and State, or,

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as Cavour memorably put it, "a free Church in a free State," is an American ideal. But if churches engage in purely political propaganda, in behalf of causes like the World Court and Prohibition, which, whatever their merits, certainly involve no religious principle, there would seem to be grave danger of one of two things. Either the churches will become political agencies or secular politics will dominate the churches. And either of these conditions would grossly violate the principle of separation of Church and State.

Washington's historic dictum, ostentatiously slighted and contemned by Pacifists, that it is sheer manslaughter to send untrained troops against trained, receives impressive confirmation in recent statistics of our own Government, which show the losses sustained by the various Powers in the World War. From these it appears that the twenty-two million soldiers of the Central Powers inflicted much heavier losses upon their opponents than they suffered from the forty-two million soldiers of the Allies. To be more exact, the 22,850,000 of the Central Powers killed or wounded 22,090,000 of their opponents, or very nearly one apiece; while the 42,189,444 Allied soldiers killed or wounded only 15,405,000, or little more than one to every three of them. Of course the explanation is that the Central Powers soldiers were all thoroughly trained, while the majority of the Allied troops were comparatively raw recruits. The trained soldier far surpasses the untrained—in this case, by about three to one—not only in ability to inflict losses upon the enemy but also in ability himself to avoid being injured. It is quite safe to reckon that about one half of the 22,090,000 casualties of the Allied troops must be charged against their unpreparedness.

A somewhat embarrassing though entirely logical and natural result of the progress of civilization is to be perceived in the fact that the volume of business transacted is increasing very much more rapidly than the population of the country. Thus in the first twenty years of the twentieth century the population of the United States increased by a little more than 41 per cent. That was a notably high rate of increase, attributable both to a high

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birth rate and to much immigration. But in the same twenty years the amount of freight carried on the railroads of the United States increased by about 119 per cent, or nearly three times as much as the population. In view of those figures it is not at all surprising that we suffer from congestion of traffic and from inadequate means of transportation. The explanation is, of course, that our civilization is constantly growing more elaborate, more complex, more luxurious, and more exacting in its demands. The solution of the problem must be, obviously, in civilization's developing an ingenuity and a resourcefulness equal to its demands, so that it will not only increase the amount of goods carried to supply its wants, but will also increase its means of carrying them. Twentieth century demands are not to be met by nineteenth century methods and equipment.

President Harding's statesmanlike and patriotic words against the spirit and the acts of factionalism provoked from high Pacifist and Internationalist quarters the amazing retort that factionalism in this country, especially including Congressional blocs, and the Ku-Klux Klan, has its origin in the Monroe Doctrine and its pernicious development in our failure to enter the League of Nations. It is, urge these Tolstoyan pundits, this accursed crime of national patriotism that is responsible for all the evil in the world. Just because we insist upon being an independent sovereign nation, not subject to any super-State, we form ourselves into factions, and we put on pillow cases and sheets and ride about at night flogging men whom we do not like and ordering women who do not like us to leave town under pain of tar and feathers. Marvellous! I am quite titillated with anticipation of next hearing the gypsy moth and the boll weevil charged against the same fecund *fons et origo* of all our woes.

The often-mooted scheme of an international or universal language is again put forward in a temperate and judicious fashion and by a high authority. I should hesitate to say how many such schemes have been conceived and urged upon a reluctant world, even in the comparatively few years since the preposterous "Volapuk" enhanced the gayety of nations; and of course that

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was very far from the beginning of the campaign. Cecil Rhodes was pretty nearly right when he said that the confusion of tongues at Babel was the greatest blunder mankind ever committed, and that all should have been contented for all time with a single language; though doubtless there will be wide dissent from his added remark, that of course that one language should have been the English. The fact is that there is scarcely anything to which men are more attached than their native languages. They are much more ready to change their form of government or their religion than their speech. Note the inveterate antagonisms, the persistent controversies, which have arisen over language—as in South Africa, in Hungary before the World War, in Russian Poland, even for a time in Canada. The glib proposal that all men should renounce their native tongues and all jabber nothing but Volapuk was a striking example of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. Three of the greatest languages in history have in certain periods enjoyed universal use for certain purposes, but none of them, Greek, Latin, or French, ever wholly displaced a single other tongue of importance. Dean West, of Princeton, prudently aims not at the supplanting of any languages, but at the provision of an auxiliary to supplement existing languages, especially in diplomacy and commerce. Of such an auxiliary there is unquestionable need, and there is more to be said in favour of "a simplified Latin" for filling it than of any other that has ever been proposed. Latin is one of the oldest of existing languages and not an artificial contrivance; it is not now specially identified with any one nation and is therefore exempt from jealousy; it is perhaps already more widely known than any other; and it is easy, beautiful, and particularly practical and effective. To many of us not the least of its recommendations would be that the proposed use of it would continue and increase acquaintance with the vast treasury of Latin literature which forms an essential foundation of real culture.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SCEPTICISM AND ANIMAL FAITH. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Half way through Mr. Santayana's book, a question almost inevitably thrusts itself forward, despite the literary magic which the author has thrown around his discussion of the problem of knowledge. Is it worth while, one asks, to reassert, without any new justification, the claims of common sense in so laborious, so ingenious a manner? The motives of other philosophers we readily understand, whether or not we understand their philosophies. The older systems, and some of the newer ones, are more or less frankly compensatory. One does not need to labour this point with respect to Plato or M. Bergson. Pragmatism itself allures and comforts its devotees, and even Radical Empiricism has its ways of recommending itself. Moreover, it is not as if very many were under the bondage of false philosophies and therefore in need of a propaganda of common sense. "Animal Faith" is in no danger of extinction! Indeed, it is exactly from the limitations of common sense, or animal faith, that most philosophies have ambitiously set out to rescue us. The reader's perplexity could be more easily resolved were Mr. Santayana a modern professional philosopher—a neo-realist, for example. On the contrary, he is primarily a man of letters, a great humanist. It is not merely the advancement of analysis in a certain field that he is seeking, as the optician seeks the advancement of optics; nor is he inspired by a controversial spirit—that philosophical animus which accounts for the bulk, if not for the existence, of many philosophical, as well as theological or political treatises.

Consideration of this most difficult problem, the real purpose and value of what appears on its face to be a work of genius, may be advantageously postponed until the book has been completely read and has had a chance to prove its effect upon one's thinking. One may then make a bold guess.

What immediately strikes one about the book is the extraordinary thoroughness and subtlety of its scepticism. His scepticism, Mr. Santayana has resolved, shall be not "malicious" but honest; not dogmatic and sweeping but liberal and refined to the extreme limit made possible by a mind of remarkable sensitiveness trained in introspection and in literary criticism. This book, it may be said, is the natural, the characteristic, the inevitable product of just such a sensitive, acute, and humanistic mind; and perhaps this is its sufficient justification.

Mr. Santayana doubts and doubts. He doubts so ingeniously, so sagaciously, so super-subtilely, that at last he reaches a point at which further doubt obviously means the suspension of all thinking and indeed of life itself.

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Then he proceeds, methodically and carefully, to admit the assumptions of "animal faith". These he allows to enter quite honestly and with no doubt as to their real nature. True, they are mere assumptions; no *belief* can be proved. Every belief turns out to be dependent upon some other belief that is unproved. Thus, the confident predictions of the scientist are, after all, merely a phase of animal expectation; the uniformity of nature is but a dogma. Without animal expectation and animal purposes, *thinking* would be inconceivable and indeed could never have arisen: pure spirit would simply stare at the spectacle provided by intuition and would never posit any superfluous "existences". Even our faith in the possibility of change—which is the fundamental faith—would have no possibility and no meaning apart from our animal nature. But these assumptions are necessary and should be admitted openly, though with due caution. If we are necessarily deceived, if we must live in a universe of uncertainty, let us be deceived as little as possible and, so to speak, with our eyes open. It is another way, one supposes, of urging us to make "a right use of imagination". We have our being, it would seem, in a world of symbols, and what we call our knowledge is certainly "vehicular". Words symbolize states of mind; states of mind symbolize existences, which we "posit"; these existences are in the last analysis symbols of our expectations, our purposes.

Clearness in the description of our human predicament is furthered by the distinction the author makes between existences and "essences". Existences are those realities which we posit in obedience to the promptings of animal faith. An "essence" is anything whatever that is presented to intuition. The number of essences is infinite; they are the materials of the "flux"; yet each of these impressions is known immediately and completely for just what it is, and is moreover by its very nature changeless and everlasting.

Just here comes in a stimulating thought. The realm of essences is not, it would seem, without its own importance. The case is not as if one essence were more existential than another. One conjectures, therefore, that in Mr. Santayana's philosophy speculation is not to be harshly snubbed. Any intuition of essences, any combination of them, may be perhaps a better guess about reality than a thinker who supposes that he has somehow got ultimate reality by the ear would be willing to admit. In short, one dimly discerns that a complete recognition of the "vehicular" (and altogether unsubstantial) character of knowledge is going to give greater scope to art and literature as contradistinguished from science, while its inherent scepticism preserves us from the excesses of romanticism. Without permitting us to be idealists, it will rid us of dogma and make us better humanists.

One feels inclined to pause at this point to admire the extraordinary literary inspiration which pervades Mr. Santayana's expression of his ideas—a quality quite distinct from his dialectical skill, which is, as has been already indicated, sufficient. To be sure, one is haunted by the feeling that the whole system of thought might have been presented more simply and in outline more clearly. Such a gain in simplicity and clearness would, however, by no means com-

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pensate the reader for the absence of the author's many-sided comment and occasional intense illuminations of thought. Most certainly Mr. Santayana is not a philosopher of the dryly logical or mathematical type. His gift for sudden, intense, partial illuminations is the literary gift *par excellence.*

This philosopher is sometimes as aphoristic as an early Greek sage. Presented poetically as a series of abrupt assertions, his treatise would still be potent and perhaps essentially complete. "All symbolisms and sensuous dialects," he writes, "may be truly significant, composing most relevant complications in nature, by which she comments on herself. To suppose that some of these comments are poetical and others literal is gratuitous. They are all presumably poetical in form. . . . Sense is a faculty of calling names under provocation. . . . Knowledge lies in thinking aptly about things, not in becoming like them. . . . It does not seem to me ignominious to be a poet, if nature has made one a poet unexpectedly. . . . The discouragement we may feel in science does not come from failure; it comes from a false conception of what would be success. . . . It matters little if the existence of things is vouched for only by animal faith and presumption, so long as this faith posits existence where existence is. . . . The axioms of sanity and art must correspond *somehow* to truth, but the correspondence must be very loose and partial. . . . Any belief will remain a mere belief to the end, no matter how much corroborated and corrected; but the fact that it is a belief, far from proving that it must be false, renders it possibly true."

Broadly speaking, the supreme qualities of men as viewed from an undogmatic and confessedly human point of view appear to be three: first, the ability to conceive that nothing is intolerable, that no conditions are too hard, that the game is worth playing to the end—the view expressed by Kipling in *If*; secondly, the ability, with proper discrimination and with nice discernment to attribute to all estimable human qualities a high degree of worth—to value truth, joy, the prosperity of the common people, the feeble well-meant effort, the success of the schoolboy who obtains his high-school diploma, the simplicity of the child; thirdly, the power to make proper use of the imagination without subservience to its forms, to strip, so far as possible the mythology from our ordinary thinking and to remember that words are but symbols and that all manner of subjective impressions are at best no more than symbols. In the furtherance of this third form of greatness, Mr. Santayana's book, unless one completely mistakes its purpose and tendency, should be a real aid. It is by no means a mere dogmatic reassertion of the doctrines of common sense.

THE DECADENCE OF EUROPE. By Francesco Nitti. Translated by F. Brittain. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Although his book is written in the style of a special pleader, and though it strikes one at times as a violent tirade—although, moreover, nothing sounds less agreeably in the ears of most Americans than anything like special pleading

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for Germany coupled with severe criticism, not to say vilification of France,—in spite of all this, it is difficult to resist the persuasion that Signor Nitti is in the main lines of his thesis correct. The peace has been virtually a continuation of the war. Absurd political and economic conditions have been made. There has been injustice, if not hypocrisy, in the carrying out of arrangements regarding the disposition of various territories, as exemplified by the case of Upper Silesia.

The League of Nations has proved inadequate to deal with the really important problems. The total sum of German reparations should have been fixed at a reasonable figure, and, for the sake of the rest of the world, the economic recovery of Central Europe should have been permitted. The present state of affairs cannot continue indefinitely; it can end only in chaos and further wars. Common sense has been submerged by fear and by passion. "The treaties of 1919–20 have a common characteristic—a spirit of hatred,—together with a desire to destroy the vanquished by means of impossible conditions." Only two nations exclusive of the United States,—Great Britain and Italy "have already the state of mind that leads to peace."

A much more conservative thinker, a much more temperate writer than Signor Nitti might reach very similar conclusions. The points in regard to which opinions concerning this book will most generally differ are points of emphasis. Is it justifiable in view of all the facts, one asks oneself, to say that the Congress of Vienna was a far more statesmanlike assembly than the Peace Conference at Versailles, that the Holy Alliance was an organization of idealists as compared with the great powers after the late war, that the terms imposed by Germany upon France in 1871 show great moderation as compared with the burdens which France now seeks to impose upon Germany? One has to admit that such statements seem of questionable historic soundness, and that they appear to be made for effect.

In view of the undoubted fact that Germany occasioned the war and made it inevitable, are we prepared to give so great a weight as is given by Signor Nitti (who also has no illusions about Germany's intentions before the war) to the argument that all the European nations were in some measure responsible? Can one accept the view that not merely fear but economic selfishness are at the bottom of the unjust and impracticable peace, just as fear and economic selfishness, and megalomania, were the cause of the war? Is there a conspiracy to press Germany deeper and deeper into the mire without thought of ultimate consequences to Europe and to the world? "I have shown on many occasions," writes Signor Nitti, "that while the German steel and iron trade was one of the causes of the ghastly European War (for which, however, all the countries of Europe are responsible to different degrees), yet the corresponding French trade has been one of the chief causes of the bad peace. Its directors continue to inspire the actions of their Government and the operations of the Reparations Commission. Their action is felt also in England and Belgium, and still more in Italy." All the cynicism

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born of the war and strengthened by the peace disposes us to accept such a statement as measurably true, as it inclines us to see a bitter truth in the allegation that the League of Nations is nothing but a tool of oppression in the hands of the victors.

The entire question, however, may obviously be debated endlessly between the partizans of France and those who take the British and Italian view without any result except an increase of acrimony until the disputants agree to adopt a moderate tone. They obviously cannot agree as to the precise degree of blackness of Germany's sins, the exact degree of militarism that is to be read into the acts of the French Government, the extent to which economic motives, which hardly ever fail to distort ideal aims, have distorted them in this case.

The outstanding facts appear to be that there can be no real peace until the reparations muddle is settled, and that it ought to be settled on a basis of sound economics and common sense. These views were ably set forth by Signor Nitti in an earlier work of his, rather more convincing and less inflammatory. In the present book, a book clearly designed to influence American public opinion, he has perhaps somewhat overshot his mark, since a picture of Europe so cynical and gloomy disinclines Americans toward any participation whatever in European affairs.

As We See It. By René Viviani. Translated by Thomas R. Ybarra. New York: Harper and Brothers.

In part an answer to the recently published memoirs of the former German Emperor, M. Viviani's book, though undoubtedly an authentic presentation of facts, has too much of the effect of a rhetorical counterblast to be altogether agreeable reading or to be an altogether well conceived means of influencing public opinion. Public opinion in regard to Germany or the former Kaiser, indeed, needs in this country no influencing. There is no disposition here, it may be safely assumed, to underestimate the guilt of him who, as far as one man under all the circumstances could conceivably bear it, bears the moral burden of responsibility for the war. Nor is it hard for M. Viviani to show that the Kaiser could not have been the innocent dupe that on the whole he represents himself to have been. Even if his apologies were sincere, one could say that it is but poetic justice that the world should now take seriously all his past posturings in the rôle of great man and warrior and should hold him chiefly responsible.

But Wilhelm's wickedness was also his enormous folly, and his folly, his egomania, make him personally insignificant. Let him rest! To add one more to many previous analyses of his character will not teach us how to prevent future wars.

"Let him live," writes M. Viviani, "if living brings him joy! Let him taste, almost on the anniversary of the Kaiserin's death, the perverse joys of

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a senile betrothal!" Language like this, however fully deserved, is venomous, and does not make pleasant reading.

For the rest, M. Viviani's book is a closely reasoned account of diplomatic interchanges and other governmental acts preceding the war. It brings forward facts derived from the German documents published by Kautsky, from the Bavarian documents, and from the Austrian Red Book. For the purpose of determining motives, no vagueness is allowed even in regard to short intervals of time. It is known whether action was taken just before or just after a given fact. It is known that certain communications were withheld until just the moment that suited Imperial policy. The picture of German duplicity certainly appears to be complete.

The most disappointing thing about the book appears to be the fact that it reflects no change in the war frame of mind in France. It is written as if in the midst of the conflict, and has the familiar tone of the war propaganda.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BLUNT, LABOUCHERE, *ET AL.*

SIR:

I note that Mr. S. C. Chew in his article on Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in your May issue speaks of the "terribly succinct scorn of Labouchere's *Where is the Flag of England?*" Mr. Chew is evidently unaware that in his lifetime Labouchere emphatically denied the authorship of the verses in question; and that *Truth* has been impelled to publish similar denials on two or three occasions since his death. I was once told that it was from the pen of an Irish-American newspaper man.

Truth, by the way, after Blunt's death last autumn made certain revelations which indicated an undeniable streak of charlatanry in that gentleman's pose. He was unquestionably one of those gentry whom Gilbert had in mind when he wrote—

> The idiot who praises, in enthusiastic tone,
> Every century but this, and every country but his own.

HECTOR CHARLEWORTH.

Toronto, Canada.

SIR:

I have often seen the verses *Where is the Flag of England?* attributed to Labouchere and had never come across his repudiation of them till I read Mr. Charleworth's letter. I regret the error, though it does not affect the reasonableness of my citation of the poem.

As the question whether Mr. Blunt was a charlatan, a poseur, and an idiot is a matter of opinion, not of fact, Mr. Charleworth's second paragraph requires no comment from me.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

Bryn Mawr, Penn.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

SIR:

I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Edward N. Wentworth in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW with regard to my paper upon *Immortality and the New Physics*, in which I endeavored to analyze the new theories of matter resulting from the phenomena of radioactivity and to trace their bearing upon the problem of a "supersensual universe, or series of universes, interacting with the material fabric we know".

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My critics are those chiefly, I think, who were bred in the older scientific conceptions, which emphasized the axioms of Euclid in geometry, and in physics the doctrines of inertia and the indestructibility of matter. The newer school, now thoroughly adjusted to the loss of these time-honored principles, while objecting that I have carried the implications from recent scientific discoveries farther than they are willing to follow, are less inclined to demur, and seem to feel that in the tremendous break-up of systems, marking a new epoch in the history of thought, almost anything may turn out to be true.

Singularly enough, my paper, written from a purely rationalist standpoint, has made an appeal to theologians, who seem to find in its positions a support for certain phases of Christian theory, particularly as affecting the Resurrection of Jesus. In reality, the chief thesis of my paper represents a conception which many scientists and mathematicians of old pre-Einstein days had harboured under the name of the "Fourth Dimension". This and sundry other abstruse phases of the subject I was compelled to omit as impossible of treatment within the compass of a magazine article.

A remarkably clear elucidation of the four dimensional idea appeared in *The Scientific American Supplement* for September 5, 1908, from the pen of H. Addington Bruce, in which the author declared that "the possibility of a fourth dimension has been demonstrated by mathematicians with absolute exactness", though he expresses the view that its actuality can never be realized because of the "limitations of our sense-experiences".

The most comprehensive treatment of the subject is to be found in a volume published by *The Scientific American* in 1910 under the title of *The Fourth Dimension,* consisting of the best of two hundred and forty-five prize essays submitted in a competition during the preceding year, and the publishers express the hope that the brief expositions may serve "to popularize a topic which has hitherto been unfortunately classed with such geometrical absurdities as the squaring of a circle and the trisection of an angle".

These essays, emanating for the most part from trained mathematical and scientific minds, abound with interesting sidelights upon the problem. We find the idea, for example, attributed originally to Professor Karl Pearson, that an "atom may be a place where the ether is flowing into our space from a space of four dimensions". Again, we encounter the notion of four dimensional vortices as explaining the electric current. So, too, the fourth dimension is offered in explanation of "isomerism" in chemistry—applying to substances having the same composition and the same molecular weights and the same ultimate constitution yet which are physically different, such as dextro-rotary and laevo-rotary tartaric acids. The suggestion appears that this strange aspect of matter may be due to "a four dimensional movement in the minute particles of which they are built"—a highly interesting theory in the case of the two tartaric acids, since they appear to be identical except that one turns the plane of polarized light to the right and the other to the left.

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All this, of course, was in the days before Einstein. The uprise of that world-figure in science, who has declared the four dimensional conception indispensable to his theories, has given an interest and value to the idea which it has never before possessed. In a charming and delightful work, *Easy Lessons in Einstein*, Edwin E. Slosson deals at length with the four dimensional idea, both from the older and the newer angle, and observes: "If the ether does not move and does not stand still, then there is not any ether, or perhaps there is a fourth dimension. There are two conceivable ways out of the dilemma, but they are not easy to accept, either of them. If there is no ether, what carries the light waves? If there is a fourth dimension, in what direction does it lie? But it is no harder to believe in or conceive of a fourth dimension than it is the ether, and if the physicist finds that he needs it in his business he will have to have it. Einstein says that he needs a fourth dimension for his formulas."

It is thus apparent that the conception urged in my paper, which I felt had become more nearly realizable under the new theories of matter, was not an overbold deduction. That it is a pure fancy under the old scientific materialism cannot be denied, but the old scientific materialism has suffered two shocks of staggering proportions during the past twenty years—one in the revelation of a new state of matter and the other in the revolutionary discoveries for which Einstein is responsible. Indeed the old axioms and principles from which mathematicians and physicists reasoned with so much assurance turn out now to be, not self-evident truths, as was supposed, but unproved and in some cases disproved assumptions.

CHARLES KASSEL.

Fort Worth, Texas.

"THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIST"

SIR:

Major Miles's article on the Pacifists in your REVIEW is an able and clear illustration of how not to do it, exhibited in all of the efforts of reformers, so far, to stop war.

In the first place, they all chase the wrong objective. Making war is never the object of those who make war. Using military or naval force is simply one of the means by which nations, or governments, seek to gain their desires. Those desires are either to secure certain things which they lack, or to resist the efforts of rivals. Now, self defense is legitimate, and in accordance with natural law. The fault lies with the aggressive nation. (It is true that both sides are sometimes aggressive and share the fault.) The problem then is: What is the fault, and what does it spring from?

What are the natural relations of people and nations? Is it natural for them to live in harmony, and to adjust differences as they arise, or to seek advancement at the expense of each other, and by destroying all who become apparent obstacles? Humanity belongs to the Animal Kingdom, and, so far

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as living is concerned, is governed by the same general laws. Now, intelligent study of the higher species of animal life shows that the individual members of each species always live in harmony with other, save under pressure of starvation, or of the urge for reproduction. This is generally true of even the most savage and destructive animals.

To avert the struggle for existence which we often see among other animals than man, Nature has provided us with a superior order of intelligence that was intended to enable us to make use of all of the resources of Nature for increasing the supply of human needs almost indefinitely; and also to explore the earth for vacant spaces in which to live. Every well informed student of physical geography knows that with even the present imperfect knowledge of the material sciences, the earth could well support at least five times as many people as at present. The same laws of intelligence enable the human animal to use judgment in limiting the increase of progeny to conform with the means of existence without depriving any one of the natural happiness of parentage.

Returning to the study of the reproductive instincts common to animals and humans, we find a general law of respect for every thing relating to the impulses and relations of the gender nature, and that it is only through the perversions of the natural, respectful, modest and healthful instincts of the gender sense that we find the Christian world filled with immorality, diseases, cruelty, contempt, distrust, hatred and wars. With such a fatal philosophy, it was inevitable that the human race—or at least that part which includes Europe and the United States—should fail to realize the state of social harmony and mental respect, charity and forbearance, which Nature intended, and it is only the constant effort of Nature to correct all errors and falsehoods that keeps society from destroying itself.

The fatal error of the League of Nations scheme—forced untimely on the Paris convention by our President—was that it ignored all of the real causes of the war, and proposed to stop war by inventing a new war club on unnatural and unworkable lines, and depending on a renewal of the old "Holy Alliance" to swing it.

Our best statesmen and philosophers have been working for a generation to suppress, not the basic faults of society, but one of their superficial results, and not one has ever worked out a practical remedy for the faults. The truth is that very little reforming is ever accomplished by suppression or strangulation. As well try to stop a steam boiler from exploding by tying down the safety valve. The only cure for any of the evils of society is to go back to the point of departure from the natural laws of life, and educate the young to understand and respect themselves and each other, as all natural instincts prompt them to do. Then we will have a general state of harmony, mutual respect, health and happiness, and wars will automatically become obsolete.

JOHN E. AYER.

Seattle, Washington.

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